Principium sapientiæ timor Jehovæ. Ab Barnes

Parthenophil and Parthenophe.

Sonnettes, Madrigals, Elegies and Odes.

To the right noble and [illegible] gentleman Percy Esquier, his deerest friend.

by Barnabe Barnes.

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APR

To the Learned Gentlemen Readers The Printer.

Gentlemen theſe laboures followinge, beeinge come of late into my handes barely, without title or ſubſcription, partly moued by certain of my deere friends, but eſpecially, by the worth & excellency of the worke, I thought it well deſeruing my labour to participate them to your iudiciall viewes: where for both varieties of concettes, and ſweete Poeſie, you ſhall doubtleſſe finde, that which ſhall be moſt commendable, and woorth your readinge, the Author though at the firſt vnknowne, yet enforced to accorde to certaine of his friendes importunacy herein, to publiſh them by their meanes, and for their ſakes: vnwilling (as it ſeemeth) to acknowledge them, for their leuity, till he haue redeemed them with ſome more excellent worke hereafter, till when he requeſteth your fauourable, and indifferent cenſures, of theſe his ouer youthfull Poemes, ſubmitting them to your friendly patronages. Farewell this of May 1593.

O baſtard Orphan packe thee hence,
And ſeeke ſome ſtraunger for defence:
Now ginnes thy baſeneſſe to be knowne,
Nor dare I take thee for mine owne:
Thy leuity ſhal be diſcried.
But if that any haue eſpied,
And queſtion with thee of thy Sire,
Or Miſtriſſe of his vaine deſire,
Or aske the place from whence thou came,
Deny thy Sire, Loue, Place, and Name:
And if I chance vnwares to meete thee,
Neither acknowledge mee, nor greete mee,
Admit I bluſh, perchance I ſhall,
Paſſe by, regard me not at all,
Be ſecrete, wiſe, and circumſpect,
And modeſty ſometimes affect:
Some goodman that ſhall thinke thee witty,
Will be thy patrone, and take pitty:
And when ſome men ſhall call thee baſe,
He for thy ſake, ſhall him diſgrace:
Then with his countenance backt, thou ſhalt
Excuſe the nature of thy fault:
Then if ſome laddes, when they goe by,
Thee baſtard call, giue them the ly,
So get thee packing and take heede,
And though thou goe in beggars weede,
Heereafter when I better may,
I'le ſend reliefe ſome other day.

SONNET I.

My ſtriſſe behold in this true-ſpeaking Glaſſe.
Thy beauties Graces of all women rareſt,
Where thou maiſt finde how largely they ſurpaſſe
And ſtaine in glorious louelyneſſe the fayreſt.
But read (ſweete Miſtriſſe) and behold it neerer
Pondring my ſorrowes outrage with ſome pitty,
Then ſhalt thou finde no worldly creature deerer,
Then thou to me, thy ſelfe, in each Loue ditty.
But in this mirrhor equally compare,
Thy match-leſſe beauty, with mine endleſſe griefe:
There like thy ſelfe, none can be found ſo faire.
Of chiefeſt paines, there are my paines the chiefe,
Betwixt theſe both, this one doubt thou ſhalt finde,
Whether are here, extreameſt in their kinde.

SONNET II.

Whiles with ſtrong chaines, of hardy-tempered ſteele,
I bound my thoughtes, ſtill gadding faſt and faſter:
When they through time, the diffrences did feele,
Betwixt a miſtriſſe ſeruice and a maiſter.
Keeping in bondage iealouſly enthralled,
In priſons of neglect, his natures mildeneſſe.
Him I with ſollitary ſtudies walled,
By thraldome choaking his out-rageous wildeneſſe.

On whome, my carefull thoughtes I ſet to watche,
Guarding him cloſely, leaſt he ſhould out-iſſue:
To ſeeke thee (Laya) who ſtill wrought to catch,
And traine my tender boy, that could not miſſe-you:
So you bewitcht him once, when he did kiſſe-you:
That by ſuch ſleightes, as neuer were found out
To ſerue your turne he dayly went about.

SONNET III.

He when continuall vigill mou'd my watche,
Some-deale by chance, with carefull guarde to ſlumber:
The priſons keyes, from them did ſlowly ſnatche,
Which of the fiue, were onely three by nomber:
The firſt was Sight, by which he ſearcht the wardes,
The next was Hearing, quickly to perceiue:
Leaſt that the watch-men heard, which were his guardes:
Third, Touch, which Vulcanes cunning could deceiue.
Theſe tho the Springes, Wardes, Boultes, or Gimbols were
The Miracles of Vulcanes forgery:
Laide open all for his eſcape: now there,
The watch-men grin'd for his impiety,
What croſſes bred this contrariety:
That by theſe keyes, my thoughtes in chaines be left,
And by theſe keyes, I of myne hart bereft.

SONNET IIII.

Laya ſoone ſounding out his nature throughly,
Found that he was, a Louely Virgin Boy:
Cauſeleſſe why did thou then, deale with him roughly,
Nor yet content with him, ſometime to toy.

But iealouſe kept, leaſt he ſhould runne from thee,
Whome if thou kindely meant to Loue, 'twas needeleſſe:
Doubting leaſt that he ſhould runne backe to mee,
If of him any deale, thou didſt ſtand heedeleſſe.

Thou coop'ſt him in thy Cloſſets ſecret Corners,
And then thy heartes deere play-fellow didſt make him,
Whome thou in perſon guardedſt leaſt ſuborners
Should worke his freelidge, or in ſecrete take him,
And to this inſtant, neuer would forſake him:
Since for ſoſte ſeruice, ſlauiſh bondes bee change,
Why didſt thou from, thy iealouſe maiſter range?

SONNET V.

It chaunced after, that an youthfull ſquier,
Such as in courting, could the craftie guiſe,
Beheld light Laya, ſhee with freſh deſier,
Hoping th'atchiewement of ſome richer priſe:
Drew to the Courtier, who with tender kiſſe,
(As are their guileſull faſhions which diſſemble.)
Firſt him ſaluted, then with forged bliſſe
Of doubtleſſe hope, ſweete wordes by pauſe did tremble.
So whiles ſhee ſleightly gloas'd, with her new pray,
Mine hartes eye tending his falſe miſtriſſe traine:
Vnyoak't himſelfe, & cloſely ſcap't away,
And to Parthenophe did poaſt amaine
For liberall pardon, which ſhe did obtaine:
And iudge (Parthenophe) for thou canſt tell,
That his eſcape from Laya, pleas'd mee well.

Him

SONNET VI.

Him when I caught, what chaines had I prouided,
What fetters had I fram'd, what lockes of reaſon:
What keyes of continence, had I deuiſed,
Impatient of the breach, gainſt any treaſon.
But faire Parthenophe, did vrge me ſtill,
To liberall pardon, for his former fault:
Which out alas, preuailed with my will,
Yet mou'd I bondes, leaſt he ſhould make default:
Which willingly ſhee ſeem'd to vndertake,
And ſaide, as I am virgine, I will bee
His bale, for this offence, & if he make
An other ſuch vagare, take of mee
A pawne, for more aſſurance vnto thee.
Your Loue to me quoth I, your pawne ſhall make,
So that for his default, I forfeit take.

SONNET VII.

Her Loue to mee ſhee foorthwith did impawne,
And was content to ſet at liberty:
My trembling hart, which ſtraight began to fawne,
Vpon his miſtriſſe kindely curteſy.
Not many dayes were paſt, when like a wanton,
He ſecretly did practiſe to depart,
And to Parthenophe did ſend a Canton
Where, with ſighes accentes, he did loues impart:

And

And for because she daign'd him that great signe,
Of gentle fauours, in his kinde release:
Hee did conclude all duety to resigne,
To faire Parthenophe which doth encrease
These woes, nor shall my rest-lesse muses cease:
For by her of mine heart am I depriued,
And by her, my first sorrowes heate reuiued.

SONNET VIII.

Then to Parthenophe (with all post hast)
As full assured of the pawne fore pledged
I made, and with these wordes disordred plac'd,
Smooth, tho with furies sharp out-rages edged:
Quoth I (fayre mistres) did I set mine hart
At libertie, and for that made him free,
That you should arme him for another start,
Whose certaine bale you promised to bee?
Tush (quoth Parthenophe) before he goe
I'le be his bale at last, and doubt it not.
Why then (said I) that morgage must I shoe
Of your true-loue which at your hands I got?
Ay me, she was, and is his bale I wot,
But, when the morgage should haue cur'd the soare:
She past it of, by deede of gift before.

SONNET IX.

So did Parthenophe release myne hart,
So did she robbe me of myne harts rich threasure,
Thus shall she be his bale before they part,
Thus in her loue she made me such hard measure

Ay me nor hope of mutuall loue by leasure,
Nor any type of my poore harts release
Remaines to me, how shall I take the ceasure
Of her loues forfeture, which tooke such peace
Combyned with a former loue, then cease
To vexe with sorrowes, and thy greefes encrease.
Tis for Parthenophe thou sufferst smart.
Wyl'de natures wound not curable with art
Then cease, with choking sighes and hart-swolln throbbes.
To draw thy breath, broke of with sorrowes sobbes.

SONNET X.

Yet giue me leaue (since all my ioyes be perisht)
Hartlesse to moane, for my poore harts departire.
Nor should I mourne for him if he were cherisht,
Ah no! she keepes him like a slauish martyre:
Ah me! since mercylesse she made that chartyre,
Sealed with waxe of steadfast continence,
Sign'd with those hands which neuer can vnwrite it,
Writ with that penne, which by preheminence
To sure confirmes whatseuer was inditit:
What skilles to weare thy gyrdle or thy gartyre,
When other armes shall thy small wast imbrace?
How great a wast, of mynde and bodies weale
Now melts my soule! I to thine eyes appeale,
If they thy tyrant champions owe me grace.

SONNET XI.

Why didst thou then in such disfigured guize
Figure the pourtraict of myne ouerthro?

Why manlike didſt thou meane to tyrannize,
No man but woman would haue ſinned ſo:
Why then inhumaine and my ſecret foe
Didſt thou betray me, yet would be a woman?
From my cheef wealth out weauing me this woe,
Leauing thy loue in pawne till time did come on
When that thy truſtleſſe bondes were to be tryed,
And when (through thy default) I thee did ſommon
Into the court of ſtedfaſt loue, then cryed
As it was promiſt, here ſtandes his harts bale:
And if in bondes to thee my loue be tyed:
Then by thoſe bondes, take forfeit of the ſale.

MADRIGALL 1.

Oh powers cœleſtiall, with what ſophiſtrie
Tooke ſhe delight, to blancke my hart by ſorrow,
And in ſuch Riddels act my tragœdie,
Making this day for him, for me to morrow.
Where ſhall I Sonnets borrow
Where ſhall I finde breſts, ſides, and tong,
Which my great wrongs might to the world diſpence?
Where my defence?
My Phiſicke where? for how can I liue long
That haue forgone myne hart? I'le ſteale from hence,
From reſtleſſe ſoules myne Hymnes, frō ſeas my teares,
From windes my ſighes from cōcaue rockes and ſteele
My ſides and voyces Echo: reedes which feele
Calme blaſtes ſtill-mouing, which the ſhepheard beares
For wayleſull plaints, my tong ſhall be:
The land vnknowne to reſt and comfort me.

MADRIGALL 2.

Might not this be for mans more certaintie
By natures lawes enactit
That those which do true meaning falsifie
Making such bargaines as were precontractit
Should forfect freelidge of loues tenancie
To th plaintiffe greeu'd if he exact it
Thinke on my loue, thy faith: yet hast thou crakt it
Nor nature reason loue nor faith can ~~wake~~ make thee
To pitie me my prisoned hart to pitie
Sighes no fit incense nor my plaintes can ~~make~~ wake thee
Thy nose from sauour and thine eares from sound
Stopt'e and obturate, nought could shake thee
Thinke on when thou such pleasure found
To read my lynes and reading terme them wittie
Whiles lines for loue and braynes for bewtie witlesse
I for thee feuer-schor't, yet thou still fitlesse.

SONNET XII.

Vext with th'assaultes of thy conceiued bewtie
I restlesse on thy fauors meditate:
And tho dispare full loue (sometime) my suite tye
Vnto these fagottes figures of my state,
Which bound with endlesse lyne by leasure wate
That happy moment of your hartes reply.
Yet by those lynes I hope to finde the gate,
Which through loues labirinth shall guide me right.
Whiles vnacquainted exercise I try
Sweete solitude I shunne my lifes cheefe light

And all because I would forget thee quite:
And (working that) me thinke it's such a sinne
(As I take penne and paper for to write)
Thee to forget: that leauing I beginne.

SONNET XIII.

When none of these my sorrowes would aledge,
I sought to finde the meanes, how I might hate thee.
Then hatefull curiousnesse I did in wedge
Within my thoughtes, which euer did awaite thee.
I fram'd myne eyes for an vniuste controllment,
And myne vnbridled thoughtes (because I dare not
Seeke to compell) did pray them take enrolment
Of natures faultes in her, and equall spare not.
They search't and found her eyes were sharpe, and fierie:
A moule vpon her forhead, colour'd pale.
Her haire disordred, browne and crisped wyerye.
Her cheekes thinne speckled with a sommers male.
This tolde, men ween'd it was a pleasing tale.
Her to disgrace, and make my follies fade
And please it did, but her more gracious made.

MADRIGALL 3.

Once in an arbour was my mistresse sleeping
With rose and woodbind wouen
Whose person thousand graces had in keeping
Where for myne hart her harts hard flint was clouen
To keepe him safe: behind stood pertly peepin ge
Poore Cupid softly creepinge
And draue small birdes out of the myrtle bushes

Scar'd with his arrowes who ſate cheeping
On euery ſprigge whom Cupid calles and huſhes
Frō branch to brāch whiles I poore ſoule ſate weeping
To ſee her breathe not knowing
Incenſe into the cloudes and bleſſe with breath
The wyndes and ayre whiles Cupid vnderneath
With birdes with ſonges nor any poſies throwing
Could her awake
Each noyſe ſweete lullaby was for her ſake.

MADRIGALL 4.

There had my Zeuxes places and time to draw
My miſtreſſe pourtraict, which on platane table
With nature matching colours as he ſaw
Her leaning on her elbow, tho not able
He gan with vermil, gold, white, and ſable
To ſhadow forth: and with a skilfull knuckle
Liuely ſet out my fortunes fable,
On lippes a roſe, on hand an hony-ſuckle.
For nature fram'd that arbour in ſuch orders
That roſes did with woodbynes buckle,
Whoſe ſhadow trembling on her louely face
He left vnſhadow'd, there arte loſt his grace
And that white lillie leafe with fringed borders
Of Angels gold vayled the skyes
Of myne heauens hierarchie which clos'd her eyes.

SONNET XIIII.

Then him controlling, that he left vndone
Her eyes bright circles thus did anſwere make,

Reſtes miſt with ſiluer cloude had clos'd her Sunne,
Nor could he draw them till ſhe weare awake
Why then quoth I were not theſe leaues darke ſhade
Vpon her cheekes depainted, as you ſee them:
Shape of a ſhadow can not well be made
Was anſwer'd, for ſhades ſhadowes none can eye them.
This reaſon, proues ſure argument for me,
That my greeſes image I can not ſet out:
Which might with liuely coloures blazed be.
Wherefore ſince nought, can bring the meanes about
That thou my ſorrowes cauſe ſhould vewe throughout,
Thou wilt not pitie me: but this was it.
Zeuxes had neither skill, nor colours fit.

SONNET XV.

Where or to whom then ſhall I make complaint,
By guileſull wyles, of myne hartes guide depriued?
With rightes iniuſtice, and vnkind conſtraint
Barr'd from her loues which my deſertes atchiued.
This though thou ſought to choake farre more reuiued
Within myne hartleſſe breſt, left almoſt fenceleſſe,
Oh make exchange, ſurrender thine for myne,
Leaſt that my body voyde of guide be fenceleſſe,
So ſhalt thou pawne to me ſigne for a ſigne
Of thy ſweete conſcience, when I ſhall reſigne
Thy loues large Charter, and thy bondes againe.
Oh but I feare myne hopes be voyde, or menceleſſe,
No courſe is left, which might thy loues attaine:
Whether with ſighes I ſewe, or teares complaine.

Tea

SONNET XVI.

Yea that accurſed deede before inſealed,
Is argument of thy firſt conſtancie:
Which if thou hadſt to me before reuealed
I had not pleaded in ſuch feruencie,
Yet this delightes, and makes me triumph much
That myne hart in her body lyes impriſoned:
For (mongſt all bay-crown'd conquerors no ſuch
Can make the ſlauiſh captiue boſt him conquered)
Except Parthenophe, whoſe fiery gleames
(Like Ioues ſwift lightning rageth, which rockes pearſeth)
Heating them in-lye with his ſoddeyne beames
And ſecret golden mynes with melting fear ſheth,
Eſt-ſoones with cannon, his drad rage rehearſeth
Yet nought ſeemes ſcortched, in apparant ſight:
So firſt the ſecret burnt, then did affright.

SONNET XVII.

How then ſucceedeth (that amid this woe)
Where reaſons ſence doth from my ſoule deuide:
By theſe vaine lines my fittes be ſpecified
Which from their endleſſe Ocean dayly floe
Where was it borne whence did this humour groe?
Which long obſcur'd with melancholyes miſt
Inſpires my gyddie braynes vnpurified
So liuely, with ſound reaſons to perſiſt
In framing tunefull Elegies, and Hymnes
For her whoſe name my Sonnets not ſo fit
That nought but her chaſt name ſo could aſſiſt:

And

And my muſe in firſt tricking out her lymmes,
Found in her liueleſſe ſhadow ſuch delight:
That yet ſhe ſhadowes her, when as I write.

SONNET XVIII.

Write write, helpe helpe, ſweet muſe and neuer ceaſe
In endleſſe labours pennes and papers tyer
Vntill I purchaſe my long-wiſh't deſier:
Braynes with my reaſon neuer reſt in peace,
Waſt breathleſſe wordes, and breathfull ſighes increaſe,
Till of my woes remorſefull you eſpye her,
Till ſhe with me, be burnt in equall fier.
I neuer will from labour wittes releaſe
My ſences neuer ſhall in quiet reſt
Till thou be pitifull, and loue alike:
And if thou neuer pitie my diſtreſſes
Thy crueltie with endleſſe force ſhall ſtrike
Vpon my witts, to ceaſeleſſe writs addreſt:
My cares (in hope of ſome reuenge) this leſſes.

SONNET XIX.

Imperious Ioue with ſweet lipp'd Mercurie
Learned Minerua, Phœbus god of light
Vain-ſwelling Bacchus, Venus queene of bewtie
With light foote Phœbe lampe of ſilent night:
Theſe haue (with diuerſe dieties beſide)
Borrow'd the ſhapes of many a mortall creature,
But (faire Parthenophe) grac'd with the pride
Of each of theſe, ſweet Queene of louely feature.
As tho ſhe were, with pearle of all their skill

By heauens cheefe nature garniſhed ſhe knittes
In wrath Ioues forehead, with ſweet noting quill
She matcheth Mercurie, Mincruaes wittes,
In goldie-lockes bright Tytan, Bacchus ſyttes
In her hauds conduict pypes, ſweet Venus face,
Dianaes legge the tyrian buskines grace.

SONNET XX.

Theſe eyes thy bewties tenants, pay dew teares
For ocupation of myne hart thy free hold:
In tenour of loues ſeruice (if thou behold)
With what exaction it is helde through feares,
And yet thy rentes extorted, dayly beares,
Thou would not thus conſume my quiets gold.
And yet thr couetous thou be, to make
Thy bewtie rich, with renting me ſo roughlie
And at ſuch ſommes, thou neuer thought doeſt take,
But ſtill conſumes me, then thou doeſt miſguide all:
Spending in ſport for which I wrought ſo toughlie.
When I had felt all torture and had tryed all,
And ſpent my ſtocke through ſtreane of thine extortion
Of that I had but good hopes for my portion.

SONNET XXI.

Yea but vncertaine hopes, are anchors feeble
When ſuch faint-harted pilates guide my ſhippes,
Of all my fortunes balliſt with hard peeble
Whoſe doubtfull viadge proues not worth two chippes
If when but one darke cloud ſhall dimme the skie
The cables of hopes happineſſe be cut,

When barke with thoughtes drown'd marriners ſhall lye
Preſt for the whirle poole of greefes endleſſe glutte.
If well thou meane(Parthenophe)then raiſhe
Mine hart with doubtleſſe hope of mutuall loue,
If otherwiſe, then, let thy tong runne lauiſhe:
For this, or that, am I reſoulu'd to proue,
And both, or either extaſie, ſhall moue
Me rauiſh't, end with ſurfet of releeſe:
Or ſenceleſſe daunted dye, with ſoddeine greeſe.

SONNET XXII.

From thine harts euer burning veſtall fier,
The torch-light of two ſunnes is noriſht ſtill.
Which in milde compaſſe ſtill ſurmounting hyer
There orbes with circled harmonie fulfill.
Whoſe rowling wheeles runne on Meridian line,
And turning, the turne backe the miſtie night,
Report of which cleare wonder did incline
Mine eyes to gaze vpon that vncouth light,
On it till I was ſun-burnt did I gaze,
Which with a feruent agonie poſſeſt me.
Then did I ſweate, and ſwelt, mine eyes daze
Till that a burniug feuer had oppreſt me:
Which made me faint, no Phiſicke hath repreſt me.
For I trye all, yet for to make me ſound
Ay me! no graſſe, nor Phiſicke may be found.

SONNET XXIII.

When with the dawning of my firſt delight
The day light of loues delycaſie mou'd me

Then from my heauens disdainfull starrie light
The moone-light of her chastitie reprou'd me
Her forheads threatfull clowdes from hope remou'd me
Till midnight rear'd on the mid-noctiall line
Her hart whiles pities sleight had vndershou'd me
Then did I force her downward to decline
Till dawning day light chearefully did shine
And by such happie reuolution drew
Her mornings blush to ioyfull smiles encline
And now Meridian heate dries vp my dewe
There rest faire Planets stay bright orbes of heauen
Still smiling at my dyall past eleuen.

next

SONNET XXIIII.

These mine hart-easing eyes doe neuer gaze
Vpon thy soules harmonious marble wheeles
But from these eyes through force of thy sunnes blaze
Raine teares continuall, whiles my faithes true steeles
Tempred on anueile of thine hart, could flint
Strikes marrow-melting fier into mine eyes.
The tinder whence my passions doe not stint
As matches to those sparkles which arise.
[illegible] which when the taper of mine hart is lighted
[illegible] Salamanders nurrish in the flame
[illegible] the Iewes with my new torch delighted
[illegible] like Inattes did florish in the same
But burnt their wings as, nor any way could frame
To flye from thence, since Ioues proud byrd that beares
His thunder veu'd my sunne but shed downe teares.

Then

SONNET XXV.

Then count it not disgrace if any vew me
Some-time to shower downe riuers of salt teares
From tempest of my sighes dispayre-full feares:
Then scorne me not alasse sweet frends but rew me:
Ah pitie pitie me for if you knew me,
How with her lookes mine hart amendes and weares,
Now calme now rageous as my pasion beares
You would lament with me, and she which slew me.
She (which Ay me) she which did deadly wound me
And with her bewties balme tho dead keepes liuely
My liueleſſe body, and by charmes hath bound me
For thankeleſſe meede to serue her if she viuely
Could see my sorrowes maze which none can treade
She would be soft, and light, tho flint and lead.

SONNET XXVI.

When louely wrath my mistresse hart assaileth,
Loues golden dartes take ame from her bright eyes:
And Psiche Venus rosie couche empayleth
Plac'd in her cheekes, with lillyes where she lyes:
And when she smyles from her sweet lookes and cheare-full
Like Phœbus when through soddein cloudes he starteth,
After sterne tempestes, showers, and thunder feare-full,
So she my worldes delight with her smiles harteth.
Aurora yellow lookes when my loue blushes,
Wearing her heares bright colour in her face,
And from loues rubie portall louely rushes
For euery word she speakes an Angels grace:

If she be silent euery man in place
With silence wonders her, and if she sleepe,
Ayre doth with her breathes murmur musicke keepe.

SONNET XXVII.

Why do I draw this coole releeuing ayer
And breathe it out in scaulding sighes as fast?
Since all my hopes dye buried in dispayer
In which hard soyle mine endlesse knottes be cast:
Where when I come to walke be soundry mazes
With bewties skilfull finger lyned out,
And knottes whose borders set with double dazes,
Doubles my dazed muse with endlesse doubt
How to finde easie passage through the time
VVith which my mazes are so long beset,
That I can neuer passe but fall and clyme
According to my passions which forget
The place where they with loues guide should haue met:
But when faint-wearied all me thinkes is past
The maze returning makes me turne as fast.

SONNET XXVIII.

So be my labours endlesse in their turnes
Turne turne Parthenophe turne and relent,
Hard is thine harte and neuer will repent,
See how this hart within my body burnes:
Thou sees it not aind therfore thou reiournes
My pleasures, ill my dayes bene ouerspent:
When I begge grace, thou myne intreatie spurnes:
Mine hart with hope vpheld, with feare returnes

Betwixt

Betwixt theſe paſsions endleſſe is my ſit
Then if thou bee but humaine grant ſome pitie
Or if a ſaint ſweet mercies are there meedes
Faire louely chaſt ſweet-ſpoken learned wittie
Theſe make thee ſaint-like and theſe ſaints beſit
But thine hard hart makes all theſe graces weedes.

SONNET XXIX.

Bleſſe ſtill the myrr-tree Venus for thy meede
For to the weeping myrre, my teares be dew:
Contentious windes which did from Tytan breede
The ſhaking Aſpine tree belonges to you
To' th' Aſpine I bequeath my ceaſeleſſe tong:
And Phœbus let thy laurels euer floriſh
To ſtill greene laurell my loues do belong:
Let mightie Ioue his okes large branches nurriſh
For to ſtrong oke mine hart is conſecrate
Let dreadfull Pluto bleſſe blacke Heben tree
To' th' Heben my diſpaire is dedicate:
And Nayads let your willowes loued be
To them my fortunes ſtill remoued be:
So ſhall my teares, tong, paſsions neuer ceaſe
Nor hart decay nor my diſpaire decreaſe.

SONNET XXX.

So this continuall fountaine of my teares
From that hard rocke of her ſweet bewtie trickling,
So ſhall my tong on her loues muſicke tickling,
So ſhall my paſsions fed with hopes and feares,
So ſhall mine hart which wearing neuer weares,

But ſoft is hardned with her bewties prickling
On which diſpaire my vulture ſeas'd ſtandes pickling
Yet neuer thence his maw full-gorged beares.
Right ſo, my teares, tong, paſſions, hart, diſpaire
VVith flouds, complaints, ſighes, throbbes, and endleſſe ſorrow,
In ſeas, in volumes, windes, earth-quakes, and hell,
Shall floate chaunte, breath, breake, and darke manſion borrow.
And in them I be bleſſed for my ſaire:
That in theſe torments for her ſake I dwell.

SONNET XXXI.

I burne yet am I cold, I am a could yet burne
In pleaſing diſcontent, in diſcontentment pleaſed
Diſeas'd I am in health, and health-full am diſeaſed
In turning backe proceede, proceeding I returne
In mourning I reioyce, and in reioycing murne
In preaſing I ſteppe backe, in ſtepping backe I preaſed
In gaining ſtill I looſe, and in my loſſes gaine
Grounded I wauer ſtill, and wauering ſtill am grounded:
Vnwounded yet not ſound, and being ſound am wounded:
Slayne yet am I a liue, and yet a liue am ſlayne:
Hounded mine hart reſtes ſtill, ſtill reſting is it hounded:
In paine I feele no greef, yet voide of greefe in payne
Vnmou'd I vexe my ſelfe, vnuext yet am I moued
Belou'd ſhe loues me not, yet is ſhe my beloued.

SONNET XXXII.

Scarſe twiſe ſeuen times had Phebus waggon wheele
Obliquely wandred through the Zodiacks line,

Since

Since nature first to Ops did me resigne,
When in mine youthfull vaine I well could feele
A lustfull rage, which reasons cheanes of steele
With headstrong force of lust did still vntwine,
To wanton fancies I did then encline.
Whilst mine vnbridled Phaeton did reele
With heedlesse rage, till that his charior ramme
To take in fould his resting with the Ramme
But bootlesse all: for such was his vnrest
That in no limittes he could be contained.
To lawlesse sportes and pleasures euer prest
And his swift wheeles, with their sweet oyle distained.

SONNET XXXIII.

Next when the boundlesse furie of my flamme
Began in higher Climates to take fier,
And with it somewhat kindled my desier,
Then least I should haue wholy beene vndonne
(For now mine age had thrise seuen winters ronne)
With studies, and with labours did I tyer
Mine itching fancies, which did still aspier:
Then from those obiectes (which their force begonne
Through wandring furie to possesse mine hart)
Mine eyes there vaine seducers I did fixe
On Pallas, and on Mars, home, and in field,
And armed strongly least my better part
To milder obiectes should it selfe immixe,
I vow'd I neuer would to bewtie yeeld.

SONNET XXXIIII.

But when in May my worldes bright fierie sunne
Had past in Zodiacke with his golden teame
To place his beames which in the twynnes begunne,
The blazing twynne starres of my worldes bright beame
My mistresse eyes, mine heauens bright sunne, and moone,
The starres by which poore shepheard I am warned
To pinne in late, and put my flockes out soone,
My flockes of fancies as the signes me learned:
Then did my loues first spring beginne to sproute,
So long as my sunnes heate in those signes rayned.
But wandring all the Zodiacke throughout
From her mayes twynnes, my sunne such heate constrained,
That where at first I litle had complained,
From signe to signe, in such course he now posteth
VVhich dayly me, with hotter flaming tosteth.

SONNET XXXV.

Next when my sunne by progresse tooke his hold
In Cancer of my mistresse craftie minde,
How retrograde seem'd she, when as I told
That in his clawes such torches I did finde,
VVhich if she did not to my teares lay plaine
That they might quenched be from their outrage,
My lones hot Iune should be consum'd in payne
Vnlesse her pittie make my greefe asswage.
Oh how she frownes, and like the Crabbe backe turnes

VVhen I request her put her beames apart:
Yet with her beames my soules delight she burnes:
She pities not to thinke vpon my smart
Nor from her Cancers clawes can I depart,
For there the torch of my red-hot desier
Greeues, and releeues me, with continuall fier.

SONNET XXXVI.

And thus continuing with outrageous fier,
My sunne proceeding forward to my sorrow
Tooke vp his court, but willing to retier
VVithin the Lyons denne his rage did borrow:
But whiles within that mansion he remayned,
How cruell was Parthenophe to me,
And when of my great sorrowes I complained,
She Lyon-like wish't the might tenfold be:
Then did I rage and in vnkindly passions
I rent mine heare, and rac'd my tender skinne,
And rauing in such frantique fashions,
That with such cruelties she did beginne
To feede the fier which I was burned in.
Can women brooke to deale so fore with men?
She mannes woe learn'd it in the Lyons denne.

SONNET XXXVII.

But pitie which sometimes doth Lyons moue,
Remou'd my sunne from moodie Lyons caue,
And into Virgoes b[illegible] d[illegible] remoue

 His

His fierie wheeles, but then she answere gaue
That she was all vow'd to virginitie,
Yet said boue all men she would most affect me:
Fye Delian goddesse in thy companie
She learn'd with honest colour to neglect me,
And vnderneath chast vayles of single lise
She shrowdes her craftie clawes, and Lyons hart,
VVhich with my sences now do mingle strife
Twixt loues, and vertues, which prouoke my smart:
Yet from these passions can I neuer part,
But still I make my suites importunate
To thee, which makes my case infortunate.

SONNET XXXVIII.

When thine hart-pearcing answers could not hinder
Mine harts hot hammer on thy steele to batter,
Nor could excuses cold quench out that cynder
VVhich in me kindled was, she weigh'd the matter,
And turning my sunnes chariot him did place
In Libras equall mansion, taking pawse,
And casting with deepe iudgement to disgrace
My loue, with dealing cruell in the cause:
She busilie with earnest care deuised,
How she might make her bewtie tyrannous,
And I for euer to her yoke surprised:
The meanes founde out with cunning perillous:
She turn'd the wheeles with force impetuous,
And arm'd with womanlike contagion,
My sunne she lodged in the Scorpion.

m

SONNET XXXIX.

Then from her Venus, and bright Mercurie
Mine heauens cleare Planets, did she shoot such blazes
As did infuse with heates extremitie
Mine hart, which on dispaires bare pasture grazes:
Then like the Scorpion did she deadly sting me,
And with a pleasing poison pearced me,
Which to these vtmost sobbes of death did bring me,
And through my soules faint sinewes searced me.
Yet might she cure me with the Scorpions oyle
If that she were so kinde, as bewtifull,
But in my bale she ioyes to see me boyle,
Tho be my passions deare, and dewtyfull,
Yet she remorseleſſe, and vnmercifull:
But when my thought of her, is such a thing
To strike me dead, iudge if her selfe can sting.

r

SONNET XL.

But ah my plague through times outrage increased,
For when my sunne his taske had finished
Within the Scorpions mansion, he not ceased
Nor yet his heates extreames diminished,
Till that dead aming Archer dreſt his quiuer,
In which he closely couched at the last,
That Archer which doth pearce both hart, and liuer
With hot gold-pointed shafties, which ranckle fast:
That proud commaunding, and swift-shooting Archer,

Farre shooting Phœbus which doth ouershoote,
And more then Phœbus, is an inward parcher,
Thou with thy notes harmonious, and songes soote
Allur'd my sunne, to fier mine harts soft roote:
And with thine euer wounding golden Arrow
First prick't my soule, then perc'd my bodies marrow.

SONNET XLI.

When my sunne Cupid tooke his next abyding
Mongst craggie rockes and mountaines with the goate,
Ah then on bewtie did my sences doate,
Then had each fayre regard my fancies guiding,
Then more then blessed was I if one tyding
Of fæmal fauour set mine hart a floate:
Then to mine eyes each mayde was made a moate.
My fickle thoughtes with diuerse fancies slyding
With wanton rage of luste so me did tickle:
Mine hart each bewties captiuated vassall
Nor vanquish't then, as now, but with loues prickle
Not deepely mou'd, till loues beames did discouer
That louely Nymphe Parthenophe, no louer,
Stoppe there for feare, loues priuiledge doth passe all.

SONNET XLII.

Passe all, ah no! no iot will be omitted
Now though my sunne within the water rest
Yet doth his scaulding furie still infest:
Into this signe whiles that my Phœbus flitted

Thou mou'd these streames, whose courses thou committed
To me thy water-man bound and adrest
To powre out endlesse droppes vpon that soyle
Which withers most when it is watred best:
Cease floodes, and to your channells make recoyle,
Strange floodes which on my fier burue like oyle:
Thus whiles mine endlesse furies hyer ran,
Thou thou (Parthenophe my rage begunne,
Sending thy beames to heate my fierie sunne:
Thus am I water-man, and fier-man.

SONNET XLIII.

Now in my Zodiackes last extreamest signe,
My lucklesse sunne his happelesse mansion made,
And in the water willing more to wade
To Pisces did his chariot wheeles incline:
For me poore fish he with his golden lyne
Bayted with bewties, all the riuer lade:
(For who of such sweet baytes would stand afrade)
There nibbling for such foode as made me pyne,
Loues golden hooke on me tooke soddeine holde
And I downe swallow'd, that empoysened golde
Since then, deuise what any wisher can
Of fiercest tormentes, since all ioyes deuise,
Worse greeses, more ioyes did my true hart comprize,
Such were loues bates, my craftie fisher man.

MADRIGALL 5.

Such strãge effects wrought by thought woũding Cupid

In

In changing me to fish, his bates to swallow,
With poyson choaking me, vnlesse that you bid
Him to my stomacke giue some Antidote:
Fly litle god with winges of swallow,
Or if thy feathers fast floate,
That Antidote from mine harts empresse bring,
My feeble senses to reuiue:
Least, if thou waue it with an Eagles winge
To late thou come, and finde me not aliue.

MADRIGALL 6.

Oh why lou'd I? for loue to purchase harred,
Or wherefore hates she but that I should loue her,
Why were these cheekes with teares bewatred?
Because my teares might quenche those sparkes,
Which with heates pitie moue her:
Her cloudie frowne with mist her bewtie darkes,
To make it seeme obscured at my smyles,
In darke true Dyamonds will shine.
Her hate my loue, her heate my teares beguyles:
Feare makes her doubtfull, yet her hart is mine.

MADRIGALL 7.

Youthes wanton spring, when in the raging Bull
My sunne was lodg'd, gaue store of flowers:
With leaues of pleasure, stalkes of howers
Which soone shak'd of the leaues, when they were full
Of pleasures bewtie dew'd, with Aprill showers:
My sommer loue, whose buddes were bewtifull,
Youthfull desiers with heates vnmercifull
Parched,

Parched, whose seedes when harvest time was come
Weare eares against my suites obturate,
With sheaues of scorne bound vp, which did benumme
Mine heate with greef, yet made her hart indurate:
Oh chast desiers which herd her hart immurate
In wall's of Adamante vnfoyled!
My winter spent in showers of sorrowes teares
Hayle stones of hatred, frostes of feares,
My braunches barde of pleasure, and despoiled.

MADRIGALL 8.

Why am I thus in mynde, and body wounded?
Oh mynde, and body mortall, and deuine!
On what sure rocke is your forte grounded?
On death? Ah no for at it you repine:
Nay both intombed in her bewties shrine
Will liue (tho shadowlike) that men astounded
At their Anatomies, when they shall vewe it,
May pitifull rewe it,
Yea but her murthering bewtie doth so shine,
Oh yet much merciless!
That hart desiers to liue with her which slew it,
And tho she still rest pityless:
Yet at her bewtie will I wonder,
Though sweet graces past repeate,
Neuer appeare (but when the threate)
Fiering my secret hart, with dare and thunder.

SONNET XLIIII.

Oh dart and thunder whose fierce violence

Surmounting Rhetorickes dart and thunderboultes
Can neuer be set out in eloquence,
Whose might all mettles masse a sonder moultes:
Where be they famous Prophetes of auld Greece?
Those anchiant Romaine Poetes of acompt,
Museus which went for the Golden Fleece
With Iason, and did Heroes loues recompt
And thou sweet Naso with thy golden vearse
Whose lonely spirite rauisht Cæsars daughter,
And that sweet Tuskane Petrarke which did pearse
His Laura with loue Sonnets when he saught her:
Where be these all? that all these might haue taught her
That saintes deuine are knowne saintes by their mercy,
And saintlike beawtie should not rage with pearse eye.

SONNET XLV.

Sweet beawties rose in whose fayre purple leaues
Loues Queene in richest ornament doth lye,
Whose graces were they not too sweet and hye
Might here be seen, but since their sight bereaues
All sences, he that endlesse bottome weaues
Which did Penelope, who that shall trye
Then wonder and in admiration dye
At nature-passing natures holy frame:
Her beawtie thee reuiues, thy muse vpheaues
To draw cœlestiall spirite from the skyes
To prayse the worke and worker whence it came.
This spirite drawne from heauen of thy fayre eyes
Whose guilded cognissance left in mine hart,
Shewes me thy faithfull seruant to my smart.

SONNET XLVI.

Ah pearse-eye pearsing eye, and blazing light
Of thunder thunderblazes burning vppe!
Oh sunne sunne-melting, blind, and dazing sight!
Ah hart downe driuing hart, and turning vppe!
Oh matchlesse bewtie bewties bewtie slaying!
Sweet damaske rose bud Venus rose of roases!
Ah fronte Imperious deuties deutie gaying!
Yet threatfull clouder did still incloase and cloases!
Oh lillye leaues when Iuno lillyes leaues
In wondring at her coloures of syne distayned!
Voyce, which rockes voyce and mountaines cleaues
In sonder at my loues with payne complained!
Eye, lihtning Sunne, hart bewties bane vnfained!
Oh damaske rose! proude forhead! lillye! voyce!
Ah partiall fortune! fare chance! fillye choyce.

SONNET XLVII.

Giue me mine hart for no man liueth hartlesse
And now depriu'd of hart I am but dead:
And since thou hast it in his tables read,
Whether he rest at ease in ioyes and smartlesse,
Whether beholding him thine eyes were dartlesse,
Or to what bondage his inthral-ment leades.
Returne deare hart and me to mine restore,
Ah let me thee possesse, returne to mee:
I finde no meanes deuayde of skill and artlesse
Thether returne where thou triumph't before
Let me of him but repossessor bee

And when thou gives to me mine hart againe
Thy selfe thou doest bestow, for thou art shee,
Whom I call hart; and of whom I complaine.

SONNET XLVIII.

I wish no rich refinde Arabian gold
Nor Orient Indian pearle rare natures wonder,
No Diamondes th' Aegiptian surges under,
No Rubyes of America deare sold,
Nor Saphyres which rich Affrike sandes enfold
Treasures far distant, from this Isle a sunder,
Barbarian Iuories in contempt I hold:
But onely this, thu onely Venus graunt
That I my sweet Pathenophe may get:
Her heires no grace of golden wyers want
Pure pearles with perfect Rubines are in set,
True Dyamondes in eyes, Saphires in veynes,
Nor can I that soft Iuory skinne forget:
England in one small subiect such containes.

SONNET XLIX.

Coole coole in waues, thy beames intollerable
O sunne, no sonne but most vnkinde stepfather,
By law nor nature sier but rebell rather,
Foole foole these labours are inextricable,
A burthen whose weight is importable,
A Syren which within thy brest doth bath her
A fiend which doth in graces garments grath her,
A fortresse whose force is impregnable:
From my loues lymbeck still still'd teares, oh teares!

Quench quench mine heate, or with your souerainties
Like Nyobe conuert mine hart to marble:
Or with fast-flowing pyne my body drye
And ryd me from dispaires chyll'd feares, oh feares!
Which on mine heben harpes hart strings do warble.

SONNET L.

So warble out your tragique notes of sorrow
Blacke harpe of liuer-pyning melancholie
Blacke humor patrone of my fancies folie,
Meere folies which from fancies fier borrow,
Hot fier which burnes day, night, midnight, and morrow,
Long morning which prolonges my sorrowes solie
And euer ouerules my passions wholie:
So that my fortune where it first made sorrow
Shall there remaine, and euer shall it plowe
The bowels of mine hart, mine harts hot bowells:
And in their sorrowes sow the seedes of loue,
Which thou didst sow, and newly spring vp now
And make me write vayne wordes, no wordes but vowells,
For nought to me good consonant would proue.

SONNET LI.

Lame consonants of member-vowells robbed
What perfect-sounding wordes can you compose
Wherein you might my sorrowes flame disclose?
Can you frame mained wordes as you had throbbed?
Can you with sighes make signes of passions sobbed?
Or can your characters make sorrowes showes?
Can liquids make them? I with teares make those,

But for my teares with taunts and frumpes am bobbed:
Could mutes procure good wordes mute would I bee,
But then who should my sorrowes image paint?
No consonants or mutes or liquids will
Set out my sorrowes, tho with greefe I faint:
If with no letter but one vowell should bee,
An A. with H. my Sonnet would fulfill.

SONNET LII.

Me thought Calliope did from heauen discende
To sing, fayre mistresse thy sweet bewties praise,
Thy sweet enchanting voyce did Orpheus raise,
Who with his harpe which downe the gods did sende
Cœlestiall concorde to the voyce did lende,
His musicke all wild beastes so did amaze
That they submissiue to thy lookes did bende:
Hilles, trees, townes, bridges, from their places wende
Hopping, and dancing, all they windes be still
And listen, whiles the Nightingalles fulfill
With Larkes and Thrushes all defectes of pleasure:
Springs sang thy prayses in a murmur shill,
Whiles I inrag'd with musicke, out of traunce
Like Bacchus preeste, did in thy presence daunce.

MADRIGALL. 9.

For glorie pleasure and fayre florishing,
Sweet singing, courtly dauncing, curious loue
A rich remembrance vertuous nurrishing,
For sacred care of heauenly things
For voyces sweetnesse musickes notes aboue

When she deuinely speakes or sings
Cleio dismount, Euterpe silent bee,
Thalia for thy purple put on sack-cloath,
Sing hoarse Melpomine with Ioues Harpies three,
Terpsichore breake of thy gallyard daunces,
Leaue Erato thy dalliance, court in black-cloath,
Thy prayses Polymneia she inhaunces,
For heauenly zeale Vrania she outreacheth,
Pleade not Calliope sing not to thy Lute,
Ioue and Mnemosine both be mute
Whilst my Parthenophe your daughters teacheth.

MADRIGALL. 10.

Thou scal'd my fort blind Captaine of conceite,
But you sweet mistresse entred at the breach;
There you made hauocke of my hart,
There you to triumph did thy tyrant teach,
Beware he knowes to winne you by deceit,
Those Iuory walles cannot endure his dart,
That turret fram'd with heauens rare art
Immur'd with whitest porphyre, and inset
With roses checking natures pride of Rubye:
Those two true Diamods which their windows frette,
Arch't with pure gold yet mourne in sable shade,
Warne not these that in daunger you bee:
Vanquish her little tyrant I will true bee,
And tho she will not yeeld to mee
Yet none could thrall my hart but shee.

Thine

MADRIGALL 11.

Thine eyes mine heauen which harbour louely reſt,
And with their beames all creatures cheare
Stoule from mine eyes there cleare,
And made mine eyes dimme mynroulder of vnreſt.
And from her lillye forhead ſmoothe, and plaine,
My front his vnchered forrowes ſoothe,
And through her grace, his grace forſooke:
From ſoft cheekes roſie redde,
My cheekes their leaneſſe, and this pallid ſtaine.
The golden penne of natures booke
(For her tong that taske vndertooke)
Which to the graces ſecretorie ledde,
And ſweeteſt muſes with ſweet muſicke fedde,
Inforc'd my muſe in tragique rimes to ſing:
But from her harts hard frozen ſtring,
Mine hart his tenderneſſe, and heate poſſeſt.

MADRIGALL 12.

Like to the mountaines are mine high deſiers,
Leuell to thy loues higheſt point,
Grounded on faith which thy ſweet grace requires,
For ſprings, teares riſe in endleſſe ſourſe:
For ſommers flowers, loues fancies happoint.
They trees with ſtormes toſt out of courſe
Figure my thoughtes ſtill blaſted with diſpaire:
Thunder, lightning, and hayle,
Make his trees mourne, thy frownes make me bewayle,
This onely diffrence here fier there ſnowes are.

Why

SONNET LIII.

Why do I draw my breath vaine ſighes to feede
Since all my ſighes be breathed out in vayne?
Why be theſe eyes the conduictes whence proceede
Theſe ceaſeleſſe teares, which for your ſake do rayne?
Why do I write my woes, and writing greeue
To thinke vpon them, and their ſweet contriuer,
Begging ſome comfort which mighe me releeue,
When the remembrance is my cares reuiuer?
Why do I ſew to kiſſe, and kiſſe to loue,
And loue to be tormented, not beloued?
Can neither ſighes, nor teares my ſorrowes moue,
By lynes, or wordes, nor will they be remoued?
Then tyre not tyrant, but on mine hart tyer,
That vnconſum'd I burne in my deſier.

SONNET LIIII.

When I was yong indewd with natures graces
I ſtoule blind loues ſtrong bow and golden arrowes,
To ſhoote at redbreſtes, goldfinches, and ſparrowes:
At ſhrew'd gyrles, and at boyes in other places
I ſhot when I was vexed with diſgraces:
I perc't no skinne, but melted vp their marrowes,
How many boyes and gyrles, wiſh't mine embraces?
How many prayz'd my fauour, boue all faces?
But once (Parthenophe) by thy ſweet ſide ſitting
Loue had eſpyed me in a place moſt fitting
Betray'd by thine eyes beames, which makes blind ſee:
He ſhot at me, and ſaid for thine eyes light,

This daring boy that durst vsurpe my right,
Take him a wounded slaue, to loue, and thee.

SONNET LV.

Nymphes which in beutie mortall creatures staine,
And Satyres which none but faire Nymphes beholde,
They to the Nymphes, and Nymphes to them complaine,
And each in spight, my mistresse bewtie tolde:
Till soundely sleeping in a myrtle grone,
A wanton Satyre had espyed her there,
Who deeming she was dead, in all hast strone
To fetch the Nymphes which in the forestes were:
They flocking fast, in triumph of her death
Lightly beheld, and (deeming she was dead)
Nymphes sang, and Satyres daunced out of breath,
Whileſt Satyres with the Nymphes lauoltaes lead
My mistresse did awake, then they which came
To scorne her bewtie, ran away for shame.

SONNET LVI.

The dyall loue which shewes how my dayes spende,
The leaden plummets sliding to the ground,
My thoughtes which to darke melancholye bend,
The rawling wheeles, which turne swift howers round
Thine eyes (Parthenophe) my fancies guide:
The watch continually which keepes his stroake,
By whose oft turning euery hower doth slide
Figure the sighes which from my lyuer smoake,
Whose oft inuasions finish my liues date:
The watchman which each quarter strikes the bell.

Thy loue which doth each part exanimate,
And in each quarter ſtrikes his forces fell:
That hammer, and great bell which endes each hower,
Death my lifes victor, ſent by thy loues power.

SONNET LVII.

Thy bewtie is the ſunne which guides my day,
And with his beames to my worldes life geues light,
VVith whoſe ſweet ſauour all my fancies play,
And as byrdes ſinging ſtill inchant my ſight
But when I ſeeke to get my loues cheefe pleaſure,
Her frownes are like the night ledde by the lampe
Of Phoebes chaſt deſiers, whileſt without leaſure
Graces like ſtarres through all her face encampe:
Then all my fancies byrdes lye whiſht for feare,
Soone as her frownes procure there ſhadie ſorrow
Sauing mine hart, which ſecret ſhot doth beare
And nature from the Nightingall doth borrow:
VVhich from lamentes, becauſe he will not reſt
Hath loues thorne prickle pointed at his breſt.

SONNET LVIII.

Fayre Clytie doth floriſh with the ſpring
And eſtſoones withered like thy golden heare,
And Ioes vyolettes grow floriſhing,
But ſoone defac'd which thine eyes ſemblance beare:
Anemone, with hyacinthe ſprings pryde,
Like to thy bewtie looſe their lowely glaſſe,
So will thy cheekes with graces bewtified
Returne to wrinckles, and to natures droſſe:

Roses (as from thy lippes) sweet odours send,
Which herbes in them whilst iuyce, and vertues rest,
From some diseases vigour, life defend:
These (as thy selfe) once withered, men detest:
Then loue betimes, these withered flowers of yore
Reuiue: thy bewtie lost returnes no more.

SONNET LIX.

Ah me sweet bewtie lost returnes no more,
And how I feare thine hart fraught with disdaine,
Dispaier of her disdayne castes doubt before.
And makes me thus of mine harts hope complaine,
Ah me nor mine harts hope, nor helpe: dispaier
Auoyde my fawtie, fancies vtter bayne
My woes cheese worker, cause of all my cayer
Auoyde my thoughtes that hope may me restore
To mine hartes heauen, and happinesse againe:
Ah wilt thou not but still depresse my thought?
Ah (mistresse) if thy bewtie this hath wrought,
That proude disdainefulnesse shall in the rayne,
Yet thinke when in thy forhead wrinckles bee,
Men will disdaine thee then, as thou doest mee.

SONNET LX.

Whilst some the Troiane warres in verse recount,
And all the Grecian Conquerours in fight,
Some valiant Romaine warres boue starres do mount,
With all their warlike leaders, men of might:
Whilst some of Bryttish Arthures valure sing,
And register the prayse of Charlemayne:

And

And ſome of doughtie Godfrey tydinges bring,
And ſome the Germaine breyles, and warres of Spayne:
In none of thoſe, my ſelfe I wounded finde
Neither with horſeman, nor with man on foote:
But from a cleare bright eye, one captaine blinde
(Whoſe puiſance to reſiſt did nothing boote)
With men in golden armes, and dartes of golde,
Wounded my hart, and all which did beholde.

SONNET LXI.

To none but to Prometheus me compayer,
From ſacred heauen he ſtoule that holy fier:
I from thine eyes ſtoule fier, my iudgements are
For to be bound with cheanes of ſtrong deſier
To that hard rocke of thy thriſe cruell hart:
The ceaſeleſſe waues, which on the rockes do daſh
Yet neuer pearce, but forced backward ſtart
Thoſe be theſe endleſſe teares, my cheekes which waſh:
The vulture which is by my goddeſſe doome
Aſſign'd to feede vpon mine endleſſe lyuer,
Diſpaire by the procur'd, which leaues no roome
For Ioculus to ieſt with Cupides quyuer:
This ſwallawes worldes of liuers, ſpending few,
But not content: O god ſhall this be true?

SONNET LXII.

Fye, fye, fierce tyrant, quenche this furious rage,
O quenche this rageous furie, little god!
Nay mightie god, my furies heate aſſwage,
Nor are thine little dartes, nor brittle rodde,

Ah that you hadst a sweet recuring dart,
Or such a rodde as into health might whippe mee:
With this to leuell at my troubled hart,
To warne with scourge that no bright eye might trippe mee,
Vayne wordes which vanish with the cloudes why speake I?
And booteleſſe options builded with voyde ayer?
How oft enrag'd in hopeleſſe paſsions breake I,
How oft in falſe-vaine hope, and blacke diſpayer?
How oft left liueleſſe at thy cloudie frowne?
How oft in paſsion, mounted, and pluck't downe?

MADRIGALL 13.

Soft louely Roſelike lippes, conioyn'd with mine,
Breathing out pretious incenſe ſuch,
Such as at Paphos ſmoake to Venus ſhrine,
Making my lippes immortall with their tuche:
My cheekes with tuch of thy ſoft cheekes deuine,
Thy ſoft warme cheekes, which Venus fauour much:
Thoſe armes, ſuch armes which me embrac'de,
Me with immortall cyncture guirding rounde
Of euerlaſting bliſſe, then bounde
With her enfolded thighes in mine entangled,
And both in one ſelfe ſoule plac'de,
Made an Hermophrodite, with pleaſures rauiſh't:
There heate for heats, ſoule for ſoules empyer wrāgled,
Why dyed not I with loue ſo largely lauiſh't:
For wake (not finding truth of dreames before)
It ſecret vexeth, tentimes more.

MADRIGALL 14.

Ah tentimes woorse tormented then before,
Tentimes more pittie should'st thou take of mee,
I haue endur'd, then sweet restore
That pleasure, which procur'd this paine:
Thou scorn'st my lynes, a sainct which make of thee,
Where true desiers of thine hard hart complaine:
There thou boue stella plac'de,
Boue laura with ten thousand more installd,
And now proude thinkes me grac'd,
That am to thee (though mercilesse) inthrall'de.

SONNET LXIII.

Ioue for Europaes loue tooke shape of Bull,
And for Calisto playde Dianaes parte
And in a golden shower, he filled full
The lappe of Danae with cælestiall arte,
Would I were chang'd but to my mistresse gloues,
That those white louely fingers I might hide,
That I might kisse those hands, which mine hart loues
Or else that cheane of pearle, her neckes vaine pride,
Made proude with her neckes vaines, that I might folde
About that louely necke, and her pappes tickle,
Or her to compasse like a belt of golde,
Or that sweet wine, which downe her throate doth trickle,
To kisse her lippes, and lye next at her hart,
Runne through her vaynes, and passe by pleasures part.

If

SONNET LXIIII.

If all the loues were loſt, and ſhould be founde,
And all the graces glories were decayde,
In thee the graces ornamentes abounde,
In me the loues by thy ſweet graces layde.
And if the muſes had their voyce forgone,
And Venus husbandes forge had loſt his fier,
The muſes voyce, ſhould by thy voyce be knowne,
And vulcanes heate, be founde in my deſier.
I will accuſe thee to the goddes of theſte,
For Pallas eye, and Venus roſie cheeke,
And Phoebes forehead, which thou haſt bereſte,
Complaine of me to Cupid, let him ſeeke
In vayne for me each where, and in all partes,
For gainſt my will, I ſtoule one of his dartes.

SONNET LXV.

Oh that I had no hart, as I haue none,
(For thou mine hartes full ſpirite haſt poſſeſſed)
Then ſhould myne argument be not of mone,
Then vnder loues yoke ſhould ſhould I not be preſſed:
Oh that without myne eyes I had been borne,
Then had I not my miſtreſſe bewtie vewed,
Then had I neuer been ſo farre forlorne,
Then had I neuer wep't, then neuer rewed:
Oh that I neuer had been borne at all,
Or beeing, had been borne of ſhephearades broode,
Then ſhould I not in ſuch miſchances fall,
Quyet my water and content my foode:

But now disquieted, and still tormented,
With a diuerse fate, perforce must rest contented.

SONNET LXVI.

Ah sweet content, where is thy mylde abode?
Is it with shepheardes and light-harted swaynes?
Which sing vpon the downes and pype abroade
Tending their flockes and cattell on the playnes?
Ah sweet content, where doest thou safely rest?
In heauen, with Angels which the prayses sing
Of him that made and rules at his behest
The mindes, and harts of euery liuing thing?
Ah sweet content, where doth thine harbour hold;
Is it in Churches, with Religious men,
Which please the goddes with prayers manifold,
And in their studies meditate it then.
Whether thou doest in heauen, or earth appeare,
Be where thou wilt, thou will not harbour here.

SONNET LXVII.

If Cupid keepe his quiuer in thine eye,
And shoote at ouer-daring, gasers hartes,
Alas why be not men afrayde, and flye
As from Medusaes, doubting after smartes?
Ah when he drawes his string, none sees his bow,
Nor heares his golden fethred arrowes sing,
Ay me till it be shot no man doth know,
Vntill his hart be pricked with the sting,
Like semblance beares the musket in the field,
It hittes, and killes vnseene, till vnawares

To death wounded man his body yeeld,
And thus a peſant, Cæſars glorie dares:
This diffrence left, twixt Mars his field, and loues,
That Cupids ſouldior ſhot, more torture proues.

SONNET LXVIII.

Would God (when I beheld thy bewteous face,
And golden treſſes, rich with pearle, and ſtone)
Meduſaes viſage had appear'd in place,
With ſnakie lockes, looking on me alone:
Then had her dreadfull charming lookes me changed
Into a ſenceleſſe ſtone, oh were I ſenceleſſe!
Then rage through raſh regard had neuer ranged,
Whereas to loue I ſtood diſarm'd and fenceleſſe:
Yea but that diuerſe obiect of thy face,
In me contrarious operations wrought,
A mouing ſpirite, prick't with bewties grace,
No pitties grace in thee, which I haue ſought
Which makes me deeme, thou didſt Meduſa ſee,
And ſhould thy ſelfe, a mouing marble bee.

SONNET LXIX.

The leaueleſſe branches of the liueleſſe bowes
Carue winters out-rage in their withered barkes:
The withered wrinckles, in my careſull browes
Figure from whence, they drew thoſe crooked markes:
Downe from the Thracean mountaines, okes of might,
And loftie firres into the valley fall,
Sure ſigne where Boreas hath vſurp'te his right,
And that long there, no Syluanes dally ſhall:

Fieldes

Fieldes with prodigious inundations drown'de,
For Neptunes rage, with Amphitrite weepe:
My lookes, and paſsions, likewiſe ſhewe my wounde,
And how ſome fayre regard did ſtrike it deepe.
Theſe braunches, blaſted trees, and fieldes ſo watred,
For wrinckles, ſighes, and teares, fore ſhew thine hatred.

SONNET LXX.

What can theſe wrinckles, and vayne teares portende
But thine hard fauour, and indurate hart?
What ſhew theſe ſighes, which from my ſoule I ſend
But endleſſe ſmoake, raiz'd from a fierie ſmart?
Canſt thou not pittie my deepe wounded breſt?
Canſt thou not frame thoſe eyes to caſt a ſmile?
Wylt thou with no ſweet ſentence make me bleſt?
To make amendes wilt thou not ſport a while?
Shall we not once with our oppoſed eyne
In interchange, ſend golden dartes rebated?
With ſhort reflection twixt thy browes and mine
Whileſt loue with thee, of my greefes hath debated?
Thoſe eyes of loue, were made for loue to ſee,
And caſt reguardes on others, not on mee.

SONNET LXXI.

Thoſe haires of Angels gold, thy natures treaſure
(For thou by nature Angellike art framed)
Thoſe louely browes, broade bridges of ſweet pleaſure,
Arche two cleare ſprings of graces gratious named,
There graces infinite do bathe, and ſporte:
Vnder on both ſides, thoſe two pretious hilles

Where Phoeb'e, and Venus haue a ſeuerall ſorte:
Her couche with ſnowie lillyes Phoebe filles,
But Venus with redde Roſes her's adorneth,
There they with ſilent tokens doe diſpute:
VVhilſt Phoebe Venus, Venus Phoebe ſcorneth,
And all the graces Iudgers there ſit mute
To giue their verdict, till great Ioue ſaid this,
Dianaes arrowes wounde not like thy kiſſe.

SONNET LXXII.

My miſtreſſe bewtie matched with the graces
Twix't Phoeb', and Iuno ſhould be Iudged there,
Where ſhe with maske had, vayl'd the louely places,
And graces in like ſort I masked were:
But when their louely bewties were diſclos'd
This Nymphe (quoth Iuno) all the graces paſſeth,
For bewteous fauours in her face diſpos'd,
Loues goddeſſe, in loues graces ſhe ſurpaſſeth:
She doth not paſſe the graces Phoebe ſade
(Though in her cheekes the graces richly ſitte)
For they be ſubiectes to her bewtie made,
The glorie for this fayre Nymphe is moſt fitte:
There in her cheekes the graces bluſh for ſhame,
That in her cheekes to ſtriue, the ſubiectes came.

SONNET LXXIII.

Why did rich nature graces graunt to thee,
Since thou art ſuch a niggard of thy grace?
Or how can graces in thy body bee
Where neither they, nor pitie finde a place?

Ah

Ah they bene handmaydes to thy bewties furie,
Making thy face to tyrannise on men.
Condemn'd before thy bewtie by loues Iurie,
And by thy frownes adiudg'd to sorrowes den
Graunt me some grace, for thou with grace art wealthie
And kindely mayst afforde some gratious thing,
Mine hopes all as my minde weake and vnhealthie,
All her lookes gratious, yet no grace do bring
To me poore wretche, yet be the graces theare:
But I the furies in my breſt doe beare.

SONNET LXXIIII.

Ceaſe ouer-tyred muſes to complayne,
In vayne thou powers out wordes, in vayne thy teares,
In vayne thou writes thy verſes, all in vayne:
For to the rockes and wall which neuer heares
Thou ſpeakes, and ſendes complaintes which finde no grace:
But why compaire I thee to rockes, and walles:
Yes thou diſcendes from ſtones and rockes by race,
But rockes will anſwere to the latter calles,
Yea rockes will ſpeake each ſentences laſt word,
And in each ſillabe of that word agree,
But thou nor laſt nor firſt wilt me afford:
Hath pride or nature bred this fault in thee,
Nature, and pride haue wrought in thee theſe euils,
For women are by nature proude as diuels.

SONNET LXXV.

Loue is a name too louely for the god,
He naked goes, redde colour'd in his skinne.

And bare (all as a boy) fitte for a rod:
Hence into Affricke, there ſeeke out thy kinne,
Amongſt the Moores, and ſwarthie men of Inde,
Me thou of ioyes, and ſweet content haſt hindred:
Haſt thou conſum'd me, and art of my kinde?
Haſt thou imag'd me, yet art of my kindered?
Nay Iſmarus, or Rhodope thy father,
Or craggie Caucaſus thy crabbed ſier,
Veſuuius elſe, or was it Aetna rather?
For thou how many doeſt conſume with fier?
Fierce Tygres, Wolues, and Panthers gaue the ſucke
For lowſly Venus had not ſuch euill lucke.

SONNET LXXVI.

Be blind mine eyes, which ſaw that ſtormie frowne:
Wither long-watring lippes, which may not kiſſe:
Pyne armes, which wiſht for ſweet embraces miſſe
And vpright parts of pleaſure, fall you downe:
Waſt wanton tender thighes conſume for this,
To her thighes elmes, that you were not made vynes:
And my long pleaſure in her body grafted,
But at my pleaſure her ſweet thoughtes repines.
Mine hart with her faire colours ſhould be waſted
Throughout this Oceane of my deepe diſpaier:
Why doe I longer liue, but me prepaier
My life together with my ioyes to finiſh?
And (long eare this) had I dyed with my care
But hope of ioyes to come, did all diminiſh.

SONNET LXXVII.

How can I liue in mindes or bodies health
VVhen all foure elementes my greefes conspier?
Of all harts ioyes depriuing me be stelth,
All yeelding poysons to my long desier,
The fire with heates extreames mine hart enraging,
Water in teares, from dispaires fountaine flowing,
My soule in sighes, ayer to loues soule ingaging,
My fancies coales, earthes melancholie blowing.
Thus these (by nature) made for my releese,
Through that bold charge, of thine Imperious eye
Turne all their graces into bitter greese,
And I were dead should any of them dye:
And they my bodies substance all be sicke,
It followes then, I can not long be quicke.

SONNET LXXVIII.

The proudest Planet in his highest Spheare,
Saturne inthronist in thy frowning browes:
Next aufull Ioue thy maiestie doth beare:
And vnto dreadfull Mars, thy courage bowes,
Drawne from thy noble grandfathers of might:
Amongst the laurell crowned Poetes sweete,
And sweet Musitions take the place by right:
For Phoebus with thy graces thought it meete:
Venus doth sit vpon thy lippes, and chinne:
And Hermes hath inrich't thy wittes deuine:
Phoebe with chast desiers thine hart did winne:
The Planettes thus to thee their powers resigne.

Whom

Whom Planets honour thus is any such?
My muse then can not honour her too much.

SONNET LXXIX.

Couetous eyes, what did you late behold?
My riuall graced with a sunne-bright smile,
Where he with secret signes, was sweetly told
Her thoughtes with winkes, which all men might beguile.
Audacious did I see him kisse that hand,
Which holdes the reanes of mine vnbridled hart,
And softely wringing it did closely stand
Courting with loue termes, and in louers art:
Next (with his fingers kist) he touchte her middle,
Then saucie (with presumption vncontrolld)
To hers from his eyes sent regardes by riddle.
At length, he kist her cheeke: ah me! so bold
To bandie with bel-gardes in interchange?
Blind mine eyes (enuie) that the may not range.

SONNET LXXX.

Long wisht for death, sent by my mistresse doome
Hold take thy prisoner full resolu'd to dye,
But first as cheefe, and in the highest roome
My soule to heauen I doe bequeath on hye,
Now readie to be seuer'd from thy loue:
My sighes to ayer, to Christ all springes my teares,
My sad complaintes (which thee could neuer moue)
To mountaines desolate, and deafe, my feares
To Lambes beset with Lyons, my dispare
To night, and irksome dungeons full of dread:

Then

Then ſhalt thou finde (when I am paſt this care)
My tormentes which thy cruelties haue bredde
In heaues, clouds, ſprings hard mountaines, lambes, & night.
Here once vnited, then diſſeuer'd quite.

SONNET LXXXI.

O kingly ielouſie which canſt admitte
No thought of com-peeres in thine high deſier!
Loues baſtard daughter for true-loues vnfitte
Scaulding mens harts, with force of ſecret fier:
Thou poyſoned cancour of much-bewteous loue,
Foſtred of enuies pappes with wrathfull rage,
Thou which doeſt ſtill thine owne diſtruction moue
With eagles eyes, which ſecret watch doth wage:
With Peacockes feete, to ſteale in vnawares:
With prognes winges to falſe ſuſpect which flyes
Which vertues hold in durance raſhly dares,
Prouoker, and maintayner of vaine lyes,
Who (with rich vertues, and faire loue poſſeſt)
Cauſeleſſe haſt all to thine harts hell adreſt.

SONNET LXXXII.

The chariot with the ſteed is drawne along,
Shippes wing'd with windes, ſwift houer on the waues:
The ſtubborne plowes are hayl'd with Oxen ſtrong,
Hard Adamant the ſtrongeſt yron craues:
But I am with thy bewtie ſtrongly forc'd,
Which (full of courage) drawes me like the ſteede:
Thoſe windes thy ſpirite, whence cannot be diuorc'd,
Mine hart the ſhippe, from danger neuer free'd:

That ſtrong conceipt on thy ſweet bewtie lade,
The ſtrong neck't Oxe, which drawes my fancies plow:
Thine hart that Adamant, whoſe force hath made
My ſtrong deſiers, ſtand ſubiect vnto you.
Would I were horſe, oxe, Adamante, or winde:
Than had I neuer car'd, for woman-kinde.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Darke night blacke image of my foule diſpare,
With greeuous fancies ceaſe to vexe my ſoule,
With payne, ſore ſmart, hot fires, cold feares, long care:
Too much (alas) this ceaſeleſſe ſtone to roule.
My dayes be ſpent in penning thy ſweet prayſes,
In pleading to thy bewtie neuer matched,
In looking on thy face, whoſe ſight amazes
My ſence, and thus my long dayes be diſpatched.
But night fourth from the miſtie region riſing
Fancies with feare, and ſad diſpayer doth ſend,
Mine hart with horrour, and vayne thoughtes agrizing:
And thus the feareſull tedious nightes I ſpend:
Wiſhing the noone to me were ſilent night,
And ſhades nocturnall, turned to daylight.

SONNET LXXXIIII.

My ſweet Parthenophe, within thy face
My paſſions Calender may plaine be red:
The golden number told vpon thine hed,
The ſunne dayes (which in carde I holy place
And which diuinely bleſſe me with their grace)
Thy cheareſull ſmiles which can recall the dedde:

My

My working dayes, thy frownes from ſauours fledde,
Which ſet a worke the furies in my breſt
Theſe dayes are ſix to one more then the reſt:
My leape yeare is (oh when is that leape yeare)
When all my cares I ouerleape, and feaſt
With her fruition whom I hould moſt deare.
And if ſome Calenders the truth tell mee,
Once in ſewe yeares, that happie leape ſhall bee.

SONNET LXXXV.

From Eaſtes bed roaſie, whence Aurora riſeth
Be thy cheekes figur'd, which their beames diſplay
In ſmiles: whoſe ſight myne hart with ioy ſurpriſeth,
And which my fancies flowers do fayre aray,
Chear'd with the gracious dewes of her regarde:
The Weſt, whence euening comes, her frowning brow,
Where diſcontentment plowes his furrowes harde,
(There doth ſhe burie her affections now)
The North whence ſtormes, with miſtes and froſtes proceede,
My blacke diſpayer, long ſorrowes, and cold feare:
The South whence ſhowers, in great abundance breede,
And where hot ſunne doth to Meridian reare,
Mine eyes whoſe obiectes naught but teares requier,
And my ſoft hart conſum'd with rage of fier.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Oh fierie rage, when wilt thou be conſum'd,
Thou that haſt me conſumed in ſuch ſort,
As neuer was poore wretch (which ſo preſumed)
But for ſurueying of that bewteous ſort?

Kep't in continuall durance, & inchayn'd
With hot desires, which haue my body pyned:
My minde from pleasures, and content restrained,
My thoughtes to care, and sorrowes ward assigned:
There, with continuall melancholie placed
In dismall horror, and continuall feare
I passe these irksome howers, scorn'd and disgraced
Of her, whose cruelties no brest can beare can beare,
No thought endure, no torture can outmatch:
Then burne on rage a fier, but me dispatch.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Burne on sweet fier, for I liue by that fe well
Whose smoake is as an incense to my soule:
Each sigh prolonges my smart, be fierce and cruell
(My fayre Parthemphe) frowne, and controule,
Vexe, torture, scaulde, disgrace me, do thy will,
Stoppe vp thine eares, with flint immure thine hart,
And kill me with thy lookes, if they would kill:
Thine eyes, those christall phialls, which impart
The perfect balme, to my dead-wounded brest,
Thine eyes the quiuers, whence those dartes were drawne
Which me to thy loues bondage haue adrest:
Thy smile, and frowne, night starre, and daylightes dawne.
Burne on, frowne on, vexe, stoppe thine eares, torment me,
More for thy bewtie borne, would not repent me.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

Within thine eyes mine hart taker all his rest,
In which still sleeping all my sence is drown'd:

The

The dreames (with which my ſences are oppreſt)
Be thouſand louely fancies, turning round
The reſtleſſe wheele of my much buſie brayne:
The morning, which from reſting doth awake me,
Thy bewtie, baniſh't from my ſight agayne,
When I to long melancholie betake me:
Then full of errours all my dreames I finde,
And in their kindes contrarious, till the day
(Which is her bewtie) ſet on worke my minde,
Which neuer will ceaſe labour, neuer ſtay:
And thus my pleaſures are but dreames with me,
Whilſt mine hot feuers paynes quotidian be.

SONNET LXXXIX.

What be thoſe heares dyed like the marrigold?
Echo, gold
VVhat is that brow whoſe frownes make any mone?
Echo, anymone
VVhat were her eyes when the great Lordes controllde?
Echo, roll'de
VVhat be they when from them be loues throwne?
Echo, loues throane
VVhat were her cheekes (when bluſhes roſe) like?
Echo, roſelike
VVhat are thoſe lippes which bone perles rew bee?
Echo, rewbee
Her Iuorie ſhoulders what be thoſe like?
Echo, thoſe like
VVhat ſaintes are like her ſpeake if you bee?
Echo, few bee

Thou dwellſt in rockes hart like ſomewhat then?
Echo, *what then?*
And rockes dwell in her hart, is tis true?
Echo, *tis true*
VVhom ſhe loues beſt, know this cannot men?
Echo, *not men*
Paſſe him ſhe loathes, then I diſmiſſe you?
Echo, *miſſe you*
What ſexe to whom men ſewe ſo vayne much?
Echo, *vayne much*
Furies there fiers, and I complaine ſuch?
Echo, *plaine ſuch.*

SONNET XC.

My miſtreſſe armes are theſe, fayre, cleare, and bright:
Argent in midſt where is an ogreſſe ſet
VVithin an azuer annilet, placed right:
The creaſte two golden bowes, almoſt neare met
(And by this creaſte her power abroad is knowne)
Theſe armes, ſhe beareth in the field of loue,
By bloudy colours where loues wrath is ſhowne.
But in kinde paſſion, mylder then the doue
Her goodly ſiluer enſigne ſhe diſplayes
Semi de roſes, at whoſe louely ſight
All louers are ſubdued, and vanquiſht prayſe
Thoſe glorious colours vnder which they fight:
I by theſe armes, her captiue thrall was made:
And to theſe colours in that field betray'de.

Theſe

SONNET XCI.

These bitter gustes which vexe my troubled seas,
And moue with force, my sorrowes floudes to flowe:
My fancies shippe tost here, and there by these
Still floates in daunger, raunging too and froe:
How feares my thoughtes swift pynnace thine hard rocke,
Thine harts hard rocke, least thou, mine hart (his pylate
Together with him selfe) should rashely knocke,
And being quite dead-stricken, then should cry late,
Ah me! to late to thy remorseleſſe selfe,
Now when thy mercies all been banished
And blowne vpon thine hard rockes ruthleſſe shelfe,
My soule in sighes is spent and vanished,
Be pittyfull alas, and take remorse,
Thy bewtie too much practiseth his force.

SONNET XCII.

VVilt thou know wonders by thy bewtie wrought?
Behold (not seene) an endleſſe burning fier
Of fancies fuell, kindled with a thought,
VVithout a flame, yet still inflamed hyer:
No flames appearance, yet continuall smoake
Drawne coole to kindle, breath'd out hot agayne:
Two dy'mondes, which this secret fier prouoke,
Making two christalls with their heate to rayne:
A skinne, where bewteous graces reste at ease:
A tongue, whose sweetneſſe mazes all the muses:
And yet, an hart of marble match't with these
A tongue (besides) which sweet replyes refuses.

These

These wonders by thy bewtie wrought alone,
Through thy proude eye, which made thine hart astone.

SONNET XCIII.

Begges loue which whilome was a dyetie?
I list no such proude beggars at my gate:
For almes be mongst cold Arctique folke doth wate,
And sunne-burnt Moores in contrarietie,
Yet sweates, nor freezes more: then is it pietie
To be remorse-full at his bare estate,
His reach he racketh at an higher rate,
He ioynes with proudest in societie:
His eyes are blind (for-sooth) and men must pittie
A naked poore boy which doth no man harme,
He is not blind, such beggar boyes be wittie
For he markes, hittes, and woundes harts with his arme,
Nor coldest North can stoppe his naked race,
For (where he comes) he warmeth euery place.

SONNET XCIIII.

Foorth from mine eyes, with full-tide flowes a riuer,
And in thine eyes, two sparkling chrisolytes:
Mine eyes still couet to behold those lightes,
Thine eye still fill'd with arrowes, is loues quiuer:
Through mine eye, thine eyes fier inflames my lyuer,
Mine eyes in hart, thine eyes cleare fancies write:
Thus is thine eye to me my fancies giuer,
Which from thine eyes, to mine eyes take their flight,
Then pearce the secret center of my harte,
And feede my fancies with inflamed fewell,

This onely greeues, myne eyes had not that arte,
Thine to transpearce, thy nature was so cruell.
But eyes, and fancies, in this triumph make
That they were blind and raging for her sake.

SONNET XCV.

Thou bright beame-spreading loues thrise happy starre,
Th'arcadian shepheard Astrophill's cleare guide:
Thou that on swift wing'd Pegasus doest ride,
Auroraes harbenger, surpassing farre
Aurora caried in her rosie carre:
Bright Planet, teller of cleare euening-tide,
Starre of all starres, fayre fauor'd nightes cheefe pride,
Which day from night, and night from day doest barre:
Thou that hast worldes of harts with thine eyes glaunce
To thy loues pleasing bondage taken thrall,
Behold, where graces in loues circles daunce,
Of two cleare starres, out-sparkling Planettes all:
For starres, her bewties arrow bearers bee,
Then be the subiectes, and superiour shee.

SONNET XCVI.

The sunne in Pisces, Venus did intende
To see sicke Flora, whose soyle (since by kinde
Tytan to th'Antipod's his beames resign'de)
No pleasant flowers to welcome her did sende,
To whom for neede, Parthenophe did lende
(At natures suite) rich Helioch rise, which shyn'de
In her fayre heare, white lillyes which combyn'de
Which her high-smoothed browes, which bent, loue bende:

Violettes from eyes, ſweet blaſhing eglantine
From her cleare cheekes, and from her lippes ſweet roaſes:
Thus Venus paradice, was made deuine
VVhich ſuch as nature in my Ladye cloaſes.
Then ſince with her loues Queene was glorified,
VVhy was not my ſweet Lady dieſied?

SONNET XCVII.

Oh why ſhould enuie with ſweet loue conſorte
But that, with loues exceſſe ſeuen ſinnes vnite:
Pride: that in high reſpect of my delight
I ſcorne all others. Luſt: that with diſporte
In thought of her, I ſometimes take comfort.
VVrath, that with thoſe in ſecret hart I fight
Which ſmile on her. and enuie: that I ſpight
Such meates, and wines as to her lippes reſorte
And tuch that tongue, which I can neuer kiſſe.
Sloath: that ſecure in too much loue I ſleepe
And nuzzled ſo, am to be free'de remiſſe.
And couetous I neuer meane can keepe
In crauing, wiſhing, and in working this
Though ſtill I kiſſe and tuch, ſtill tuch and kiſſe.

SONNET XCVIII.

The ſunne my Ladies bewtie repreſentes,
VVhoſe fierie-pointed beames each creature heates
Such force her grace on whom it counterbeates
Doth practiſe, which the patient ſtill tormentes:
And to her vertues the bright moone aſſentes,
VVith whoſe pure chaſtitie my loue ſhe threates:

VVhoſe

VVhose thought it selfe in her coole circle seates,
And as the moone her bright habilimentes
Of her bright brother Phoebus borroweth,
So from her bewtie doth her chast desier
His brightnes draw, for which none aspier
To tempt so rare a bewtie, yet forgiue:
He that for thy sake so long sorroweth,
Can not but longer loue, if longer liue.

SONNET XCIX.

This carefull head (with diuerse thoughtes distrest)
My fancies chronicleire, my sorrowes nurse:
These watchfull eyes (whose heedlesse am I curse)
Loues centernelles, and fountaines of vnrest:
This tongue still-trembling, harrold fit adrest
To my loues greefe, then any torment worse:
This hart true fortresse, of my spotteles loue,
And rageous furnace of my long desier:
Of these by nature am I not possest
(Though nature there first meanes in me did moue)
But thou (deare sweet) with thy loues holy fire
Mine head greefes anueyle made with cares oppress
Mine eyes a spring, my tongue a leafe-winde shaken,
Mine hart a wastfull wilderneſſe forsaken.

SONNET C.

Pleading for pitie to my mistresse eyes,
Vrging on dutie fauours as desartes,
Complaining mine hid flames, and secret smartes,
She with disdayneſull grace, in rest replyes.

Her eyes were neuer made mans enemies:
Then me with me conceipt she ouerthwartes,
Vrging my fancie, which vayne thoughtes impeaches
To be the causer of mine iniuries,
Saying I am not vext as I complained,
How melancholye bred this light conceipt:
Hard-harted mistresse, canst thou thinke I fayned?
That I with fancies vayne vayne woes repeate?
Ah no! for though thine eyes none else offend,
Yet by thine eyes, and woes, my woes wants end.

SONNET CI.

Had I been banish't from the native soyle,
Where with my life I first receaued light:
For my first cradles had my tombe beene digde:
Or chang'd my pleasure for a ceaselesse toyle:
Had I for nurce, been left to Lyons spoyle:
Had I for freedome, dwelt in shadie night
Coup't vp in loth-some dungeons from mens sight.
Those first desiers which in my breast did boyle,
From which thy loues (vnkinde) thou hanished
Had not been such an exile to my blisse.
If life (with my loues infancie) were vanished,
It had not been so sore a death as this:
If Lyonesses were in steede of nurses,
Or night for day, thine hate deserues more curses.

SONNET CII.

Vayne gallantes, whose much longing spirites tickle,
Whose braynes swell with abundance of much witte,

And

And would be touch't fayne with an amorous fitte;
O lend your eyes, and bend your fancies fickle,
You, whom affections dart did neuer prickle,
You which hold louers fooles, and argue it:
Gaze on my sunne, and if teares do not trickle
From your much maistred eyes where fancies sitte,
Then, eagles will I terme you for your eyes,
But Beares, or Tygres for your saluage hartes:
But if it chance such fountaines should arise,
And you made like partakers of my smartes,
Her for her percing eyes, an eagle name:
But for her hart, a Tygre neuer tame.

MADRIGALL 15.

Natures pride, loues pearle, vertues perfection,
In sweetnesse, bewtie, grace,
Of body, face, affection,
Hath glorie, brightnesse, place,
In rosie cheekes, cleare eyes, and heauenly minde:
All which, with wonder, honour, prayse take race
To charme, to shine, to fyre, with fames protection:
Mine hart the first, mine eyes next, third my thought,
Did wound, did blind, did binde,
Which greeu'd, obscur'd, and wrought,
Hart, eyes, and senses with such imperfection,
That in their former comfort, sight, and kinde,
The moued, gaz'd, and sought,
Yet found not, in what order, sort, and case,
Of teares, plaints, sighes, with seas, with murmure, winde,
To finde, to get, t'imbrace,
Natures pride, loues pearle, vertues perfection.

MADRIGALL 16.

Sleepe Phoebus ſtill in glaucie Thetis lappe,
Ioues eagles percing eyes be blinde:
Soft things whoſe tuch, is tickle to the minde
Giue no like tuch, all ioyes in one to wrappe.
All inſtrumentes, all birdes, and voyces
Make no ſuch heauenly muſicke in their kinde:
No fruites haue ſuch ſweet ſappe,
No roote ſuch ioyces,
No balme ſo much reioyces:
O breath, exceeding euery rich perfume!
For loue all pleaſures in a kiſſe did lappe.
Her eyes did glue bright glaunces,
Sight is no fight, all light with that conſume:
She tuch't my cheeke, at which tuch mine hart daũces,
Mine eyes, in priuie combate did præſume
Charging mine handes to charge her middle,
Whilſt they threw wounding darts, & healing launtes:
She kiſt and ſpoke attonce a riddle:
But ſuch ſweet meaning in darke ſence
As ſhew'd the drift of her deare-ſweet pretence,
More pleaſing, then the corde of Harpe, or Lute.
On heauenly cherries then I feede,
Whoſe ſappe delicioufer then Angels food,
Whoſe breath more ſweet, thé gũme, herbe, flower, or bood,
O kiſſe which did all ſence exceede!!
No man can ſpeake thoſe ioyes, then muſe be mute:
But ſay, for ſight, ſmell, hearing, taſt, and tuch,
In any one thing, was there euer ſuch?

Enuious

MADRIGALL 17.

Enuious ayer, all natures publicke nurſe
Lend to my life no ſpirite:
Not that I proſper worſe
Then earſt of yoare, for I the ſtate inherite
Which goddes in Paradiſe, boue mans demerite,
But for I highly ſcorne,
Thy common vñpour ſhould
With her ſweet breath immixe, I cannot beare it:
Cold ayres infuſion cannot be forborne,
O kiſſe, ô ſoule, which could
All waylinges haue outworne!
Angell of bliſſe, which cheeres me night, and morne,
Sweet cloud, which now with my ſoule doeſt enfould,
Salue to my ſoule once ſicke.
Let men in Inde I'borne,
Ceaſe boaſting of rich drugges, and ſweet perfume,
Egyptian gummes, and odours Arabicke
I loth, and wood deare ſould
From Myrre, and Cypreſſe torne:
Tarry ſweet kiſſe, do not in cloudes conſume,
Yet can I feele thy ſpirite mouing quicke,
O why ſhould ayre præſume,
To be her ſpirites riuall!
What do I ſpeake? nor am I lunaticke:
I can not liue, elſe would I not aſſume
Cold ayer, to contriue all
My ſorrowes with immixion,
Then dye whilſt this ſweet ſpirite the doth prycke,
Whilſt thy ſweet comfortes kiſſes are alyue all,

And

And loues sweet iurisdiction
Will make the dye possessed
Of all heauens ioyes, which for most comfort striue all:
Least death to pleasure should giue interdiction
Ah let my lippes be pressed,
And with continuall kisses
Powre euerlasting spirite to my life,
So shall I all wayes liue, so still be blessed.
Kisse still, and make no misses,
Double, redouble kisses,
Murmure affections, warre in pleasing strife:
Presse lippes, lippes rest oppressed,
This passion is no fiction.

MADRIGALL 18.

After Auroraes blush the sunne arose,
And spread his beames:
With whose cleare gleames
My prickleſſe rose-bud vaild his purple leaues,
In whose sweet foulds, morning did pearles inclose,
Where sunne his beames in Orblike circle weaues,
And them t'inrich stoule those,
Natures bewtie, Phoebus vertue, loues incense:
Whose sauour, sappe, and sauour my sence reaues.
My muse hath these for theames,
They to my muse, my muse to them defence,
Phoebus (sometimes) loues oracles sendes thence.
Thus by my sunne a rose,
(Though a sweet rose prickleſſe)
Prickleſſe arose, deare prickle!
Which me diseaseth much, though I be sickleſſe,

Nought

Nought me of ioy bereaues,
Saue fauour, ſappe, and ſauour all be fickle.
Bluſh not for ſhame, that thy ſunne ſpreades his beames
My ſoule in ſunder cleaues:
After Auroraes bluſh, the ſunne aroſe.

MADRIGALL 19.

Thy loues conceites are wounde about mine hart,
Thy loue it ſelfe within mine hart a wounde:
Thy torches all arow ſticke,
Which thy ſweet grace about mine hart hath bounde:
There gleaming arrowes ſticke in euery part,
Which vnto my marrow pricke.
Thy bewties fancie, to mine hart is thrall,
Mine hart, thy beauties thrall is founde:
And thou mine hart a bulwarcke art,
Conquer'd with bewtie, batter'd to the grounde.
And yet though conquer'd will not yeeld at all,
For in that conflict though I fall,
Yet I my ſelfe a conquerer repute:
In fight continuall, like victorious mart,
Yet euer yeeld, as euer ouerthrowne.
To be ſtill priſoner is my ſuite,
I will be ſtill thy captiue knowne:
Such pleaſing ſeruitude,
Victorious conqueſt is, and fortitude.

MADRIGALL 20.

My loue alas is ſicke, fye enuious ſickneſſe!
That at her breſt where reſt all ioyes, and eaſe,

Thou ſhouldſt take ſuch diſpight, her to diſpleaſe,
In whom, all vertues health hath quickneſſe:
Thou durſt not come in liuing lickneſſe,
For hadſt thou come, thou couldſt not her diſeaſe,
Her bewtie would not let the preaſe.
Sweet graces (which continually attend her)
At her ſhort breath, breathe ſhort, and ſigh ſo deepe,
Which ſickneſſes ſharpe furies might appeaſe:
Both loues, and graces ſtriue to mende her.
Oh neuer let me reſt, but ſigh, and weepe,
Neuer but weepe, and ſigh, ſicke is my loue;
And I loue ſicke, yet Phiſicke may befriend her,
But what ſhall my diſeaſe remoue?

SONNET CIII.

I ſlep't, when (vnderneath a laurell ſhade,
My face vprear'd aluſt vnto the heauen)
Me thought I heard this ſpoken in a ſweauen,
Nature on earth loues miracle hath made:
With this, me thought vpon a bancke was lade
An earthly body, which was fram'd in heauen,
To whom ſuch graces, by the graces giuen
Sweet muſicke in their ſeuerall organes play'de:
In cheeſe the ſilent muſicke of her eye,
Softly recorded with heauens harmonie,
Drew downe Vrania from Cœleſtiall ſphoere:
Who maz'd, at mazy turning of her eyne
(To make diuine perfection) glazed theare
Thoſe eyes with cleareſt ſubſtance chriſtalline.

When

MADRIGALL 21.

When this cœleſtiall goddeſſe had indew'de
Her eyes with Sphœricke reuolution,
Veſta with her next guift enſew'de,
And lent to nature that thriſe-ſacred fier,
To which once Iaphets of-ſpring did aſpier:
Which made a diſſolution
Of a ſtraunge ore, ingendred by the ſunne
In grace, and worth more pure then goulde:
Which (gainſt the Cyprian triũphes ſhould be donne)
Guilded thoſe wheeles, which Cupids' chariot rowl'de.

MADRIGALL 22.

In centre of theſe ſtarres of loue,
(Boue all conceites in mans capacitie)
An Orient itt which did not moue,
To Cupids chariot wheele made for the naffe,
Was fixt, which could with mylde rapacitie
Of lighter louers, draw the lighter chaffe:
This, ſhadow giues to clearer light;
In which as in a myrroulde there was framed,
(For thoſe which loues conditions treate vpon)
A glaſſe, which ſhould giue ſemblance right
Of all their Phiſnomies impaſſionate.
Thoſe harts (which tyrant loue doth beate vpon)
May there behold, what Cupid workes,
Yeelding in it, that figure faſhionate
Which in the iettie myrrour lurkes.

MADRIGALL 23.

Phoebus, rich father of eternall light,
And in his hand a wreath of Heliochrise
He brought, to bewtifie those tresses:
Whose trayne, whose sofunesse, and whose glosse more bright
Apolloes lockes did ouerprise:
Thus with this gyrland, whiles her browes he blesses,
The golden shadow, with his tincture
Colour'd her lockes, I guilded with the cyncture.

MADRIGALL 24.

Thus, as she was boue humaine glorie graced,
The saint me thought departed,
And suddenly vpon her feete she started,
Iuno beheld, and fayne would haue defaced
That femall miracle, proude natures wonder,
Least Ioue through heauens cleare windowes should espie
And for her bewtie, Iunoes loue neglect: (her,
Downe she discendes, and as she walked by her
A braunche of lilyes Iuno teares in sonder.
Then from her Sphœre, did Venus downe reflect,
Least Mars by chance her bewtie should affect,
And with a braunche of Roses
She bet vpon her face, then Iuno closes,
And with white lillyes did her bewtie chasten.
But louely graces in memoriall,
Let both the Rose, and lillyes colours fall
Within her cheekes, which to be formost hasten.

Whiles

MADRIGALL. 25.

Whiles theſe two wrathfull goddeſſes did rage,
The little god of might,
(Such as might fitter ſeeme with craynes to fight,
Then with his bow to vanquiſh goddes, and kinges)
In a cherry-tree fate ſmiling,
And lightly wauing with his motley winges)
Fayre winges, in bewtie boyes, and gyrles beguiling,
And cherry garlandes with his handes compiling
Laughing, he leaped light
Vnto the Nymphe, to try which way beſt might
Her cheare, and with a cherry braunche her bobbed:
But her ſoft louely lippes
The cherryes, of their ruddie rubye robbed:
Eftſoones he to his quiuer skippes,
And bringes thoſe bottles whence his mother ſippes
Her nectar of delight,
Which in her boſome clamed place by right.

MADRIGALL 26.

I dare not ſpeake of that thriſe holy hill,
Which ſpread with ſiluer lillyes lyes,
Nor of thoſe violettes, which voyde vaynes fulfill,
Nor of that maze on loues hill toppe,
Theſe ſecrets muſt not be furueyde with eyes,
No creature may thoſe flowers croppe,
Nor bath in that cleare fountaine.
Where none but Phoebe, with chaſt virgines waſh,

In bottome of that sacred mountaine:
But whether now? thy verses ouerlash.

SESTINE I.

When I waked out of dreaming,
Looking all about the garden,
Sweete Parthenophe was walking:
Oh what fortune brought her hether!
She much fayrer then that Nymphe,
Which was bet with rose and lillyes.
Her cheekes exceede the rose and lillyes,
I was fortunate in dreaming,
Of so bewtifull a Nymphe:
To this happie blessed garden
Come you Nymphes, come fayries hether,
Wonder natures wonder walking.
So she seemed in her walking,
As she would make rose, and lillyes
Euer florish, oh but hether
Harke (for I beheld it dreaming)
Lillyes blush't within the garden,
Staind with bewties of that Nymphe.
The Rose for anger at that Nymphe
Was pale, and (as she went on walking)
When she gathred in the garden,
Teares came from the rose and lillyes:
As the sigh'd, their breath in dreaming
I could well perceiue it hether.
When Parthenophe came hether,
At the presence of that Nymphe,
(That hill was heauen where I lay dreaming)

But when I had eſpy'd her walking,
And in hand her roſe, and lillyes
As ſacrifice giuen by that garden,
(To loue ſtood ſacred that fayre garden)
I dar'd the Nymphes to haſten hether:
Make homage to the roſe, and lillyes
Which are ſacred to my Nymphe:
Wonder when you ſee her walking.
Might I ſee her but in dreaming,
Euen the fancie of that Nymphe,
Would make me night, and day come hether
To ſleepe in this thriſe happie garden.

SONNET CIIII.

Hold (matchleſſe myrrour of all womankinde)
Theſe pennes, and Sonnettes, ſeruaunts of thy prayſe,
Plac'd in a world of graces, which amayſe
All young beholders, through deſier blinde:
Thou to whom conquered Cupid hath reſign'd
His bowes, and dartes during thy ſunnie dayes,
Through thine eyes force infeebled by the rayes
Which wondrers to their coſt in thine eyes finde.
That there with bewties excellence vnable
To write, or beare, my pennes, and bookes refuſe,
Thine endleſſe graces are ſo amiable,
Paſſing the ſpirite of myne humble muſe,
So that the more I write more graces riſe
Which myne aſtoniſh't muſe cannot compriſe.

FINIS.

SONNET

But when I had espyed her walking,
And in hand her rose, and lillyes
A sterlyne guen by that garden,
(To lone stand sacred that fayre garden)
I did the Nymphes to hassen bether:
Made hom go to the rose, and lillyes
Which are sacred to my Nymphe:
Nowhere [illegible] her walking.
[illegible] in dreaming,
Even the fancie of that Nymphe,
Would in the mornight, and day come bether
To sleepe in this thrise happie garden.

SONNET CIIII.

Hold matchlesse myrrour of all womankinde)
These pennes, and Sonnettes, sermunts of thy prayse,
Plac'd in a world of graces, which amuse
Allyeung beholders, through deser blinde:
Thou to whom conquered Cupid hath resign'd
His bowes, and dartes during thy sunnie dayes,
Through thine eyes force infeebled by the rayes
Which wonders to their cost in thine eyes finde.
That there with bewties excellence unable
To write, or beare, my pennes, and bookes refuse,
Thine endlesse graces are so amiable,
Passing the spirite of myne humble muse,
So that the more I write more graces rise
Which myne assoulsh't muse cannot comprise.

FINIS.

ELEGIES

ELEGIE I.

Why did the milke which firſt, Alcides nurriſh't
(Ingendring with Cybele) breede the lillye?
Th' Aſſiriã hunters bloud why hath it floriſh't
The roſe withred? why did the Daffadillye
Spring from Narciſſus ſelfe conceited loue?
Why did great Ioue (for the Paneian cowe)
Deuiſe the marble colour'd vyolet?
Or what for Phœbus loue, from mountaines hyllye
Did Hyacinthe to roſie bluſhes moue?
Since my ſweet myſtreſſe vnder Phœbes browe,
'unoes and fayre Adonis flowers hath ſet:
Adowne her necke Narciſſus golde doth bowe,
Ioes gray violettes in her Chriſtall lightes,
Th' Oebalian boyes complection ſtill alightes
Vpon her Hyacinthine lippes like Rubye:
And with loues pureſt ſanguine Cupid writes
The prayſe of bewtie through the vaynes which blew bee,
Conducted through loues ſluice to thy face roſie,
Where doues, and redbreſtes ſit for Venus rightes:
In ſigne that I to the will euer true bee,

The roſe, and lillyes adorne my poaſie:
The vyolettes, and Hyacinthe ſhall knitte
With Daphadill, which ſhall embelliſh it
Such heauenly flowers in earthly poaſes few bee.

ELEGIE II.

Oh that ſome time thou ſaw myne endleſſe fittes,
When I haue ſomewhat of thy bewtie pondred!
Thou could not be perſwaded that my wittes
Could once retire ſo farre from ſence aſondred,
Faries themſelues haue at my paſsions wondred,
Yet thou (Parthenophe) well pleaſed ſittes
Whilſt in me ſo thy myſtures heate hath thondred,
And thine eyes dartes at euery colon hittes
My ſoule with double prickes which myne hart ſplittes.
Whoſe faintyng breath with ſighing commaes broken
Drawes on the ſentence of my death by pawſes:
Euer prolonging out myne endleſſe clauſes
With iffs Parentheſis, yet finde no taken
When with my greefe, I ſhould ſtand euen or adde:
My life ſtill making preparations
Through thy loues dartes to beare the periodde,
Yet ſtumbleth on Interrogations.
Theſe are thoſe ſcholler like vexations
Which greeue me when thoſe ſtudies I applye.
I miſſe my leſſon ſtill, but with loues rodde
For each ſmall accent ſounded but awrye
Am I tormented, yet I can not dye.

ELEGIE III.

Sweet thralldome by loues sweet impression wrought,
Loues in that bondage euer let me liue,
For loue hath brought me bandslaue with a thought
And to my thoughtes loue did me bondman giue.
Ah me my thoughtes poore prisoner shall I rest?
And shall my thoughtes make triumph ouer mee?
First to fierce famish't Lyons stand adrest,
Or let hage rockes, and mountaines couer thee.
Behold, one to his fancies made a praye,
A poore Actæon with his houndes deuour'd,
An oke with his greene Iuy worne awaye,
A wretch consum'd with plenties great downe pow'd,
A garment with his moath, dispoyl'd, and rotten:
A thorne with his bred Caterpiller cancer'd,
A buried Cæsar, with his fame forgotten,
A friend betrayd by those on whom he ancer'd,
Behold a fire consum'd with his owne heate,
An iron worne away with his owne rust,
But weare myne hart of oke, this rage would eate
Still fresh as Iuy myne hard oke to dust,
And were my pleasures durable as steele,
Dispaire would force they should times cancor feele.

ELEGIE IIII.

This day sweet mistresse you to me did write,
(When for so many lynes I begg'd reply all)
That from all hope you would not barre me quite,
Nor graunt plaine placet, nor giue dead denyall.

But in my chamber-window (while I read it)
A waspish bee flew round about me buzzing,
With fulfill'd flankes; when my tymes flower had fed it
(Which there lay strew'd) and in my necke with buzzing
She fixt her sting, then did I take her out
And in my window left her where she died:
My necke still smartes, and swelleth round about
By which her wrathes deare ran some may be tryed
A myrrour to (thee Lady) which I send
In this small schoede, with commendations tyed
Who (though the sting and anguish stay with mee)
Yet for reuenge saw his vnluckie ende)
Then note th'example of this haplesse bee,
And when to me thou doest thy sting intende.
Feare some such punishment should chance to thee.

ELEGIE V. To Parthenophil.

Are you so waspish, that from time, to time
You nurrish bees and to so good an ende,
That hauing suck't your honnie they must clyme
Into your bosome, to bethanke their frend:
And for a signe, that they come to defend
Reward you with such weapons as they haue:
Nor was it more then your desartes did craue
Not much vnlike vnto the Vipers yongling,
Who nurrish't with the breeders dearest bloud
Snarles with his teeth, nor can endure the bongling
Within the Vipers belly, but makes food
Of her, thus nature worketh in her brood:
So you (forsooth) nor was it much amisse,
Feede snakes which thankefully both sting, and hisse.

But

But if that any of our ſexe did ſting you,
Know this (moreouer) though you beare the pricke,
And though their frownes to melancholie bring you
Yet are we ſeldome, or elſe neuer ſicke:
Nor do we dye like bees, but ſtill be quicke
And ſoone recouering what we loſt before,
We ſting apace, yet ſtill keepe ſtinges in ſtore.

ELEGIE VI.

Behold theſe teares my loues true tribute payment,
Theſe plaintiffe Elegies my greeſes bewrayers,
Acoutred as is meete in mourneſull rayment:
My red-ſwolne eyne, which were mine harts betrayers.
And yet my rebell eye excuſe prepaires
That he was neuer worker of my wayment,
Plaining my thoughtes, that my confuſion they ment:
VVhich thoughtes with ſighes (for incenſe) make dumme
T'appeaſe the furies in my martyr'd breſt, (prayers,
VVhich witneſſe my true loues, in long lament,
And with what agonies I am poſſeſt.
Ah me poore man, where ſhall I finde ſome reſt!
Not in thine eyes with promiſe feareſull hope,
Thine hart hath vow'd I ſhall be ſtill diſtreſt,
To reſt within thine hart there is no ſcope.
All other places, made for bodies eaſe
As bed, field, forreſt, and a quiet chamber,
There euer am I with ſad cares oppreſt,
Each pleaſaunt ſpectacle doth me diſpleaſe,
Greeſe, and diſpaire ſo ſore on me did ſeaſe
That day with tediouſneſſe doth me moleſt
And (Phoebe carryed in her coach of Amber)

Can not close vp the fountaines of my woe:
Thus dayes from nightes my charg'd hart doth not know,
Nor nightes from dayes, all howers to sorrowes goe:
Then punish fancie, cause of thy disease.

ELEGIE VII.

Youth full of errour, whether doest thou hayle me?
Downe to the dungeon of myne owne conceite:
Let me before take some deuine receite,
For will I know my gaoler will not bayle me:
Then if thou fauour not, all helpes will fayle me,
That fearefull dungeon poysoned with dispaire
Affordes no casement to receaue sweet ayer,
There ougly visions euer will apayle me
Vayne youth misguideth soone with loues deceite
Deeming false painted lookes most firmely fayre.
Now to remorseleſſe iudges must I sewe
For gracious pardon, whiles they do repeate
Your bold presumption, threatning me with you:
Yet am I innocent, though none bewayle me.
Ah pardon, pardon, childish youth did vew
Those two forbidden apples which they wish't for,
And children long for that with once the rew.
Suffice he found repentance which he fish't for
With great expence of bates, and golden hookes.
Those liuing apples do the suite pursue
And are you Iudges, see their angry lookes
Where vnderneath that wrath-full Canopie
The vse to open their condemning bookes:
Expect now nothing but extremitie,
Since they be Iudges, and in their owne cause.

Their

Their ſightes are fixte on nought but crueltie,
Ruling with rigour (as they liſt) their lawes
Oh graunt ſome pittie, plac'd in pitties hall!
Since our foreſather for the like offence
With vs receiu'd ſufficient recompence,
For two fayre apples, which procur'd his fall:

ELEGIE VIII.

Ceaſe ſorrow, ceaſe, oh ceaſe thy rage alittle,
Ah litle eaſe, oh graunt ſome little eaſe:
Oh fortune euer conſtante, neuer brittle!
For as thou gan ſo doeſt thou ſtill diſpleaſe.
Ah ceaſeleſſe ſorrow, take ſome truice with mee,
Remorſeleſſe tyrantes, ſometime will take peace
(Vpon conditions) and I'le take of thee
Conditions, ſo thou wilt thy furie ceaſe.
And deare conditions, for to forfect life
So thou wilt ende thy plagues, and vexe no more.
But out alas! he will not ceaſe his ſtrife
Leaſt he ſhould looſe his priuiledge before:
For were I dead, my ſorrowes rule were nought,
And whiles I liue, he like a tyrant rageth:
Ah rage fierce tyrant, for this greefe is wrought
By loue thy counſell which my minde ingageth.
To thy fierce thralldome, whiles he ſpoyles myne hart,
So be my minde, and hart impriſoned faſt.
To two fierce tyrantes, which this empyer part.
Oh mylder goddes ſhall this for euer laſt,
If that I haue theſe bitter plagues deſeru'de,
Yet let repentance which my ſoule doth melt
Obtaine ſome fauour, if you be not ſueru'de

From

From lawes of mercy, know what plagues I felt.
Yea but I doubt inchantment in my breſt,
For neuer man, ſo much agreeu'd as I
Could liue with ceaſeleſſe ſorrowes weight oppreſt,
But twentie thouſand times perforce ſhould dye:
And with her eyes ſhe did bewitche mine hart,
Which lettes it liue, but feele an endleſſe ſmart.

ELEGIE IX.

With humble ſuite vpon my bended knee,
(Though abſent farre from hence not to be ſeene)
Yet in thy power ſtill preſent as goddes bee
I ſpeake theſe wordes, whoſe bleeding woundes be greene,
To thee drad Cupid, and thy mother Queene:
If it at any time hath lawfull beene
Men mortall to ſpeake with adietie,
Oh you great guiders of yong ſpringing age,
VVhoſe power immortall euer was I weene
(As mightie as your ſpatious Monarchie)
Oh ſpare me, ſpare my tedious pilgrimage!
Take hence the leaſt brand of your extreame fiers,
Do not gainſt thoſe (which yeelde) fierce battell wage:
I know by this, you will alaye your rage,
That you giue life vnto my long deſiers,
VVhich ſtill perſuades me, you will pitie take:
Life is farre more, then my vext ſoule deſiers:
Oh take my life, and after death torment mee,
Then (though in abſence of my cheeſe delight)
I ſhall lament alone, my ſoule requires,
And longes to viſite ſweet Elizian fieldes:
Then that I lou'd it neuer ſhall repent me,

There

There (till those dayes of Iubile shall comme)
VVould I walke pensiue, pleas'd, alone and dumme:
Graunt this petition sweet loues Queene which weeldes
The hart of forlorne louers euermore:
Or else Zanclæan Charibd me deuoure,
And through his waters sent to Stigian power,
Or patient let me burne in Aetnaes flame:
Or fling my selfe in furie from the shore
Into deepe waues of the Lancadean god,
Rather then beare this tumulte and vproare,
And through your meanes be scourg'd with mine owne rod:
Oh let me dye, and not endure the same:
The suite I make, is to be punish't still,
Nor would I wish not to be wretched there,
But that I might remaine in hope, and feare:
Sweet louely saintes, let my suite like your will.

ELEGIE X.

In quiet silence of the shadie night,
All places free from noyse of men, and dogges,
When Phoebe caried in her chariot bright
Had clear'd the mistie vapours, and night fogges:
Then (when no care the quiet shepheard clogges,
Hauing his flocke safe fodder'd in the fould)
A liuely vision to my fancies sight
Appear'd, which me thought wake I did behould,
A fierie boye, outmatching the moone light,
VVho softly wispering in mine eare, had tould
There thou thy fayre Parthenophe may'st see:
I quickly turning, in an hebene bedde,
VVith sable couering and blacke curtaines spredde,

VVith many little loues in blacke by thee,
Thee thee Parthenophe left almost dedde
(Paile cold, with feare) I did behold ay mee!
Ah me! left almost sencelesse in my bed:
My groanes perceiu'd by those which neare me lay,
By them with much ado recouered:
VVhich fearefull vision so did me affray
That (in a furie set beside my witte)
Sicke as before, me thought I saw thee yitt:
Venus thy face there couered with a vayle,
Mine hart with horror chilles, to thinke on it:
The graces kist thy lippes and went away.
Then I with furious raging did assaile
To kisse thee, least thou should depart before,
And then (in sight of those which there did stand)
Thinking that I should neuer see thee more,
Mistaking thee, I kist a fire-brande:
Burnt with the fire (my sences which did fayle
Freshly recall'd into their wittes againe)
I found it was a dreame, but sweet expound it,
For that strange dreame, with teares renewes my paine,
And I shall neuer rest, till I haue found it.

ELEGIE XI.

VVas it decreed by fates too certaine doome,
That vnder Cancer's Tropique (where the Sunne
Still doth his race in hotteste circuite runne)
My minde should dwell, and in none other roome,
Where comfortes all be burnt, before the bloome?
Was it concluded (by remorse-lesse fate)
That vnder-neath Th' Erimanthian beare,

Beneath

Beneath the Lycaonian Axel-tree,
(Where ceaſeleſſe ſnowes and froſtes extremitie
Hold Iuriſdiction) ſhould remaine my feare,
VVhere all mine hopes be nip'te, before the beare?
VVas it thus ordred that (till my deathes date)
VVhen Phoebus runnes on our Meridian lyne,
VVhen miſtes fall downe beneath our Hemi-ſphaere,
And Cynthia with darke Antipod's doth ſhine,
That my diſpaier ſhould hold his manſion there?
Where did the fatall ſiſters this aſſigne?
Euen when this Iudgement to them was awarded,
The ſilent ſentence iſſew'd from her eyne,
Which neither pittie, nor my cares regarded.

ELEGIE XII.

Oh neuer can I ſee that ſunnie light,
That bright chntriuer of my fierie rage,
Thoſe precious golden apples ſhinning bright,
But out alas, me thinckes ſome fearefull ſight
Should battell with the deare beholders wage.
I feare ſuch pretious thinges ſhould haue ſome force
Them to preſerue, leſt ſome beholders might
Procure thoſe precious apples by their ſlight:
Then cruell Atlas baniſht from remorſe
Enters my thoughtes, and how be fear'de away.
The poore inhabitantes which dwelt about
(Leaſt ſome af his rich fruite ſhould make a pray)
Although the Orchard, circummur'de throughout
With walles of ſteele was, and a vigil ſtoute
Of watchfull Dragons guarded euery where,
Which bold attemptors vext with hot purſuite,

So that none durſt approch his fruite for feare,
Thus (Atlas-like) thine hart hath Dragons ſet:
Tyrannous hatred, and a proud diſdaine,
Which in that Orchard cruellie did raine,
And with much rigour rule thy louely eyes,
Immur'd in ſteelie walles of chaſte deſier,
Which entrance to poore paſſengers denyes,
And deathes high daunger tot hem that requier:
And euen as Atlas (through fierce crueltie
And breache to lawes of hoſpitalitie
When lodging to a ſtraunger he denied)
Was turned to a ſtonie mountaine ſtraight,
Which on his ſhoulders now ſupport's heauens waight,
A iuſt reuenge for crueltie and pride:
Euen ſo, thine hart (for inhumanitie,
And wrath to thoſe that thine eyes apples loue,
And that it will not lodge a louely gueſt)
Is turn'd to rocke, and doth the burthen beare
Of thouſand zealous louers deare complaintes:
Whom thou with thy fierce crueltie dioſt teare,
An huge hard rocke, which none can euer moue
And of whoſe fruite, no man can be poſſeſt:
Thy golden ſmiles make none attemp'ts to deare,
But when attempted once thoſe apples bee,
The vayne attemptour, after feeles the ſmart:
Who by thy Dragons, hatred, and diſdaine
Are torne in ſonder, with extremitie:
For hauing entred, no man can get forth
(So thoſe inchaunting apples hinder three)
Of ſuch deare prize, be things of ſuch rare worth.
But euen as Perſeus, Ioues thriſe valiant ſonne
(Begot of Danae in a golden ſhower)

Huge Atlas conquer'd, when he firſt beganne:
Then kill'd the Dragons with his matchleſſe power,
At length the bewteous golden apples wonne:
So right is he borne in a golden bower,
(And for his fortune may from Ioue diſcend)
Who firſt thine hart an Atlas hath ſubduc'd,
Next, hatred, and diſdaine brought to their end
Fierce Dragons, which attemptours all purſeu'de,
And which before, none euer haue eſchew'de:
At length, who ſhall theſe golden apples gaine,
He ſhall alone, be Perſeus for his paine.

ELEGIE XIII.

Swift Atalanta (when ſhe loſt the priſe
By gathering golden apples in her race)
Shewes how by th'apples of thine heauenly eyes,
(Which fortune did before my paſſage place
When for mine hartes contentement I did runne)
How I was hindred, and my wager loſt:
When others did the wagers worth ſurpriſe,
I vew'de thine eyes, thus eyes vew'de to my coſt,
Nor could I them enioy when all was donne,
But ſeeming (as they did) bright as the Sunne,
My courſe I ſtayd, to vewe their fierie grace,
Whoſe ſweet poſſeſſion I could not compriſe:
Th'Idean ſhepheard (when the ſtriſe begunne
Amongſt three goddeſſes) as Iudge decreede,
The golden apple Venus did awarde,
Cauſe of the waſt, and downefall of proud Troye:
But when the graces had a ſweet regard
How fayre Parthenophe did her exceede,

And Venus now was from the world debarr'd
One so much fayrer farre, as to much coye,
Parthenophe the chose in Venus steede,
And since her bewtie Venus did out goe
Two golden apples were to her assigned:
Which apples all th'outrageous tumulties breede
That are hep'd vp in my distressed minde.
Whose figure in enflamed Troye I finde,
The cheefe occasion of mine endlesse woe.

ELEGIE XIIII.

When I remember that accursed night,
When my deare bewtie said she must depart,
And the next morning leaue the Cities sight:
Ah then, euen then blacke sorrow shew'de his might,
And plac'd his empyer in my vanquish't hart:
Mine hart still vanquish't, yet assaulted still,
Burnt with loues out-rage, from whose cleare torch light
Fierce sorrow findes, a way to spoile, and kill.
Ah sorrow, sorrow, neuer satisfied!
And if not satisfied, worke on thy will:
Oh deare departure of mine onely blisse!
When willing, from the Citie thou did ryde,
And I made offer (tho then wounded wyde)
To go with thee, thou rashly didst refuse
With me distrest to be accompanied:
And binding wordes (imperious) did'st vse
Commaunding me an other way to chuse.
Ah then, euen then in spirite crucified,
Mine eyes with teares, mine hart with sighes, and throbbes:
Those almost blind, that hard swolne almost burst,

My

My braynes abiuring harbour to my muſe,
Did leaue me choaked almoſt with ſtraite ſobbes,
Ah be that hower, and day for euer curſt
Which me of my liſes libertie did robba:
For ſince that time I neuer ſaw my loue,
Long can we not be ſeuer'd, I will follow
Through woods, through mountaines, waues, and caues made hollow
Oh greeſe, of greeſes extremitie the worſt!
Still will I follow, till I finde thee out:
And if my wiſh with trauell will not proue,
Yet ſhall my ſorrowes trauell round about
In wailefull Elegies, and mournefull verſe
Vntill they finde, and thee with pitie perce:
Meane while to ſee thee more ſtanding in doubt.
I'le ſing my plaine-ſong with the Turtle doue;
And prick-ſong with the Nightingall rehearſe.

ELEGIE XV.

Oh deare remembraunce of my Ladyes eyes
In minde whoſe reuolutions I reuolue!
To you mine harts bright guid-ſtarres, my ſoule cryes
Vpon ſome happy ſentence to reſolue:
A ſentence either of my life, or death,
So bale me from the dungeon of diſpaire,
On you I cry with interrupted breathe,
On you, and none but you to croſſe my care:
My care to croſſe, leaſt I be crucified
Aboue the patience of an humaine ſoule,
Do this, Ah this, and ſtill be glorified:
Do this, and let eternities enroule
Thy fame, and name, let them enroule for euer

In

In lasting recordes of still lasting steele:
Do this, ah this and famous still perseuer,
Which in another age thy ghost shall feele.
Yet (howsoeuer thou with me shalt deale)
Thy bewtie shall perseuer in my verse:
And thine eyes wounde, which thine hart would not heale:
And my complaintes, which could not thine hart perce:
And thine hard hart, thy bewties shamefull staine:
And that fowle staine, thine endlesse infamie:
So (though thou still in recorde do remaine)
The recordes reckon but thine obloquie,
When on the paper (which my passion beares)
Relenting readers (for my sake) shed teares.

ELEGIE XVI.

Ah were my teares (as many writers bee)
Meere droppes of incke proceeding from my penne,
Then in these sable weedes you should not see
Me seuer'd from societie of men:
Ah me all colours do mine eyes displease,
Saue those two colours, of pure white, and redde,
And yet I dare not florish it in these,
Because I can not, for my colour's dead.
Those colours florish round about each where,
But cheefely with my mistresse in their kinde,
And fayne I would her louely colours weare
So that it might be pleasing to her minde:
But nought will please her ouer-cruell eye,
But blacke, and payle on body, and in face:
Then she triumphes in bewties tyrannie,
When she sees bewtie, bewtie cum disgrace

When her sweet smiling eyes, drye Vestues throane,
Can blubber'd bleare-eyes drowne in seaes of teares:
And laughes to here poore louers how they moane,
Ioyes in the paper which her prayses beares,
And (for his sake that sent) that schœdule teares:
What but pale enuie doth her hart assaile)
When she would be still fayre, add laugh alone,
And (for her sake) all other's mourne, and paile.

ELEGIE XVII.

Deare mistresse then my soule to me much dearer,
Wonder not that another writes my letter:
For sorrow still mine hart oppresseth nearer,
And extreame sicknesse doth my sinewes fetter.
Of my deare life to thy loue am I debter.
Thine is my soule, then soule what can be meerer:
Thine my cheese best, then that what can better?
Absented farre, and (that which is farre worse)
Vnable either for to goe, or ryde,
Here am I in perpetuall bondage tyed,
Then if with saluage Sauromates, farre worse:
This ayer is loath-some, and this ayer I curse,
Because with thy sweet breathe it is not blest.
Though hot, coole waters I can not abide
(Since the which thy cleare eyes as all the rest)
Be not (as they sometimes were) purified.
The ground (I tread) my footing doth infest:
Because it is not hallowed with thy feete.
I loath all meate, for all meate is vnmeete
Which is not eaten, where thy sweet selfe feedest.
Nothing is pleasaunt, louely, rich, or sweete,

Which doth not with his grace thy beautie greete:
Ah too deare absence which this sickneſſe breedeſt,
Of thy deare ſweet, which can not be too deare.
Yet if thou wilt vouchſafe my life to ſaue
Write but one lyne, one lyne my life will cheare:
The ranſome of my life thy name will pay,
And I be freede from my much doubtfull feare.

ELEGIE XVIII.

If neither loue, nor pittie can procure
Thy ruthleſſe hart ſubſcribe to my content:
But if thou vow that I ſhall ſtill endure
This doubtfull feare which euer doth torment.
If to thine eyes thine hart can lend a fier,
Whiles could diſdaine vpon them ſettes a locke:
To barre forth pittie which kinde harts deſier,
Whiles the diſtreſt make prayers to a rocke.
If that thine eyes ſend out a ſunnie ſmile,
From vnderneath a cloudie frowne of hate:
Plaine loue with counterfeaſance to beguile,
Which at thy windowes for ſome grace awate.
If thou thine eares can open to thy prayſe,
And them with that report delighted, cheriſh:
And ſhut them, when the paſſionate aſſayes,
To pleade for pittie, then about to periſh.
If thou canſt cheriſh graces in thy cheeke,
For men to wonder at, which thee behold:
And they finde furies, when thine hart they ſeeke,
And yet proue ſuch, as are extreamely cold.
Now as I finde, no thought to man conceipt,
Then muſt I ſweare, to womans no deceit.

ELEGIE XIX.

Deare ſorrow giue me leaue to breathe a while,
A little leaue to take a longer breath:
Whoſe eaſie paſſage ſtill thou doeſt beguile
Choak'd vp with ſighes, proclamers of my death.
Oh let the teares of euer-thirſtie eyes.
Returne backe to the channells of mine hart!
They to my ſight be vowed enemies,
And made a trayterous league not to depart,
Vnder the colour of tormenting thoſe
Which were firſt cauſers of mine harts diſtreſſe,
And cloſely with mine hart by guile did cloſe
Through blinding them to make my torment leſſe.
Oh let thoſe feareſull thoughtes which ſtill oppreſſe me
Tnrne to the dungeon of my troubled brayne!
Diſpaire t'accompanie, which doth poſſeſſe me,
And with his venome poiſoneth euery vayne:
Ouglie diſpaire, who with blacke force aſſaultes
Me vanquiſht with conceipt, and makes me dwell
With horrour, match't in melancholies vaultes:
Where I lye burning in my fancies hell.
Oh thou drad ruler of my ſorrowes rage,
Of thee, and none but thee I begge remorſe
VVith thy ſweet breath thou may my ſighes aſſwage,
And make my ſorrowes fountaines ſtay their courſe,
And baniſh blacke diſpaire, then helpe me now:
Or know, death can do this, as well as thou.

ELEGIE XX.

Oh deare vexation of my troubled soule
My life with greefe when wilt thou consummate?
The deare remembrance of my passing soule,
Mine hart with some restes hope doth animate:
How many haue those conquering eyes subdued?
How many vanquish't captiues to thine hart!
Hard-iron harted Captaines when they vew'de
VVere drawne, till they were wounded with thy dart.
Oh when I there heard bodies haue beheld,
Their martiall stomaches, and oft wounded face:
Which bitter tumultes, and garboyles foretell'd,
In which, it seem'd they founde no cowardes place
Then I recall'd how farre loues power exceedes
Aboue the bloudie menace of rough warre:
Where euery wounded hart, close inward bleedes
And soddeine perc'd, with twinckling of a starre.
Then (when such iron harted Captaines bee
To thine harts bulwarke forced for to trye
Which way to winne that fort by battery:
And how all conquerours their conquer'd lye)
Me thinkes, thine hart, or else thine eyes be made
(Because they can such iron obiectes force)
Of hardest Adamante, that men (which lade
Continuall siege) be thrall'd without remorse
Thine hart of Adamant, because it takes
The hardest harts drawne prisoners, into thine
Thine eye because, it wonded many makes,
Yet no transpercing beames can pearce those eyne:
Thine hart of Adamant, which none can wound:

Thine

Thine eye of Adamant, vnperced found.

ELEGIE XXI.

Happie depart with ſpeede, then me more fortunate euer
Poore letter go thy wayes, vnto my ſweet Ladyes hands:
She ſhall looke on thee, and then with her bewtifull eyes bleſſe:
Smiling eyes (perhaps thee to delight with a glaunce)
She ſhall caſt on a lyne (if a lyne there pleaſeth her humour)
But if a lyne diſpleaſe, then ſhall apeare in a frowne,
How much ſhe diſlikes thy loues, and ſaucie ſalutings:
O my lifes ſweet light, know that a frowne of thine eye
Can tranſpearce to my ſoule more ſwift then a Parthian arrow,
And more deepely wound then any launce, or a ſpeare:
But thy ſweet ſmiles can procure ſuch contrary mot'ions,
Which can alone that heale, wounded afore by thine eyes:
Like to the launces ruſt which heal'de whome warlike Achilles
(With right hand valiant) doughtilye wounded afore.
Not vnlike to the men, whoſe greeſe the Scorpion helpeth
(Whom he before did ſting) ready to dye therow paine:
Thou that bewtie procures to be thy chaſtities hand mayde,
With vertues regiment glorious or dred alone:
Thou that thoſe ſmooth browes, like plates of Iuory plained
(When any looke on them) canſt make apeare like a cloude:
Thou that thoſe cleare eyes (whoſe light ſurpaſſeth a ſtars light,
Canſt make loues flames ſhoote, with cruel anger abroad:
Thou that thoſe fayre cheekes (when a man thy bewtie beholdeth)
Deepely to wound canſt make, ſweetely to bluſh like a roſe.
Make thy brows (to delight mine hart) ſmooth ſhadow thy cleare eyes:
Whoſe ſmile is to my ſoule like to the ſunne frō a cloude
When he ſhines to the world in moſt pride after a tempeſt,
And with his heate prouokes all the delightes of the ground.

Graunt me sweet Lady this, this graunt, kinde pittie requesteth
Teares and sighes make a suite, pittie me, pittie my suite:
Thus to thy sweet graces will I leaue my drearye bewaylings,
And to thy gracious hart, I recomend my lamentes:
Thrise blessed go thy way, to my deare go thrise speedie letter,
And for me kisse them, since I may not kisse her hands.

CANZON 1.

All bewties farre perfections rest in thee,
And sweetest, grace of graces
Deckes thy face bone faces:
All vertue takes her glorie from thy minde:
The muses in thy wittes haue their places,
And in thy thoughtes all mercies bee:
Thine hart from all hardnesse free:
An holy place in thy thoughtes holinesse doth finde:
In fauorable speech kinde:
A sacred tongue, and eloquent:
Action sweet, and excellent:
Musique it selfe in ioyntes of her fayre fingers is:
She chauntresse of singers is:
Her plighted faith, is firme, and permanent.
O now, now, helpe, wilt thou take some compassion?
She thinkes I flatter, writing on this fashion.

Thy bewtie past, with misorder stayned is.
In thee no graces finde rest:
In thoe (who sought it) saw lest.
And all thy thoughtes be vayne, and vicious:
Thy braynes with heauie dullnesse are oppresst.
Of thee no mercy gayned is,

Thine

Thine hart hard, and fayned is.
A minde prophane, and of the worſt ſuſpicious:
In ſpeech not delicious:
A toung ty'de which cannot vtter,
Geſture lame, like wordes which ſtutter:
Thy hands, and minde vnap'te in muſique to reioyce:
For ſonges vnfitte, an hoarſe voyce:
Thy faith vnconſtant, whatſoeuer thou mutter.
Be gracious, no, ſhe thinckes my wordes be bitter,
Through my misfortunes, they for my ſelfe be fitter.

O'h how long, how long ſhall I be diſtreſt?
How long in vayne, ſhall I moane?
How long in payne, ſhall I groane?
How long ſhall I bathe in continuall teares?
How long ſhall I ſit ſad, and ſigh alone?
How long ſhall feare diſcomfort giue?
How long ſhall hopes let me liue?
How long ſhall I lye bounde in diſpaires, and feares?
VVith ſorrow ſtill my hart weares,
my ſundry fancies ſubdue me,
Thine eyes kill me, when they vew me:
VVhen thou ſpeakes with my ſoule thy voyce muſique maketh,
And ſoules from ſilence waketh.
Thy browes ſmiles quicken me, whoſe frownes ſlew me,
Then fayre ſweet behold, ſee me poore wretch in torment,
Thou perceiueſt well, but thine hart will not relent.

Mine eyes and ſleepe, be fierce profeſſed foes:
Much care and teares did make it,
Nor yet will they forſake it.
But they will vexe my braynes, and troubled eyes:

If

If any ſorrow ſleepe, they will make it,
Still ſighing mine hart ouerthrowes,
Yet art thou cauſe of theſe woes.
But what auayles if I make to the deafe ſuch horrible outcryes?
She heares not my miſeries,
O ſorrow ſorrow ceaſe a while!
Let her but looke on me, and ſmile,
And from me for a time thou ſhalt be baniſhed,
My comforts are vaniſhed:
Nor hope, nor time, my ſorrowes can beguile.
Yet ceaſe I not to cry for mercy, vexed thus:
But thou wilt not releeue vs, which perplexed vs.

Ah would thou ſet ſome limites to my woes,
That after ſuch a time ſet,
(As penance to ſome crime ſet)
Forbearance through ſweet hope I might endure:
But as byrd (caught in the fowler's lyme ſet)
No meanes for his libertie knowes,
Me ſuch diſpaire ouergoes,
That I can finde no comfortable hope of cure:
Then ſince nothing can procure
My ſweet comfort, by thy kindneſſe,
Arm'd in peace, to beare this blindneſſe)
I voluntarily ſubmit to this ſorrow,
(As earſt) each euen, and morrow:
Can womens harts harbour ſuch vnkindneſſe?
Oh relent, relent, and change thy behauiour:
Fowle is the name of tyrannt, ſweet of ſauiour.

Long to the rockes haue I made my complaintes,
And to the woodes deſolate

My

My plaintes went, early, and late;
To the forsaken mountaines, and riuers:
Yet comfortlesse, and still disconsolate.
Mine hart as it was wonted faintes:
Such small helpe, comes from such saintes.
VVhy should men which in such paine liue, be call'de liuers?
Such arrowes beare loues quiuers,
Now (since rockes, and woodes will not heare,
Nor hilles, and floodes my sorrowes beare,
In sounding Ecchoes, and swift waues, the world about)
These papers report it out,
VVhose lasting Chronicles, shall time out-weare.
Then take remorse (deare loue) and to these vnited
Shall be thy mercies, with match-lesse prayse recited.

You happelesse windes, with my sighes infected,
Whose fumes you neuer let rise
To please her with sacrifice:
But euermore in grosse cloudes them choaked,
So that my deare, could neuer them comprise,
O you (that neuer detected
My plaintes, but them neglected,
VVhich in your murmures brought might haue her prouoked,
VVhen them with cloudes you cloaked)
Know, that a prouder spirite fyes,
Bearing them to posterities,
And layes them open wide, that the world may view them,
That all which read, may rewe them,
When they shall pearce thine eares, though not thine eyes.
Then sweet fayre, pittie my long seruice, and deutie,
Least thine hard hart be more famous, then thy bewtie.

O Then

Then do no longer dispise
But with kinde pittie relent thee,
Cease to vexe, and torment mee:
If shames feare moue not, which all discouers,
Feare plagues of remorse-lesse louers.

THE FIRST EIDILLION of moschus describing Loue.

Venus, alouds for her sonne [illegible]
If any spye loue gadding [illegible]
It is my roage, he that shall him betray
(For hyer) of Venus shall haue kisses sweete:
But thou that bringes him, shall haue more beside,
Thou shalt not onely kisse, but as guest stay:
By many markes, the boy thou may'st betray,
Mongst twentie such (beside) thou shalt perceiue him
Not of a pale complexion, but like fier,
Quicke rowling eyes, and flaming in their gyre,
False hart, sweet wordes, which quickly will deceiue him
To whom he speakes, sweet speech at your desier,
But vexe him, then as any wasp he stingeth:
Lying, and false (if you receaue him)
A craftie lad, and cruell pastimes bringeth.

A fayre curl'de head, and a right waggish face.
His handes are small, yet he shootes farre away,
For euen so farre as Acheron he shooteth,

And to th'infernall monarche, his dartes ſtray:
Clouthleſſe he naked goes in euery place,
And yet to know his thoughtes, it no man booteth,
Swift (as a byrde) he flyes, and quickly ſooteth
Now to theſe men, and women now to thoſe,
But yet he ſittes, within their very marrow,
A little bow, and in that bow an arrow:
A ſmall flight-ſhaft, but ſtill to heauen-ward gces,
About his necke a golden dart-barrow,
In which he placeth euery bitter dart,
Which often euen at me he throwes,
All full of crueltie all full of ſmart.

And yet this thing more wondrous, a ſmall brand
That euen the very ſunne it ſelfe doth burne,
If him thou take, pittileſſe lead him bound,
And (if thou chaunce to ſee him weepe) returne:
Then (leaſt he thee deceaue) his teares withſtand,
And if he laugh, draw him along the ground,
If he would kiſſe, refuſe: his lippes confound,
For thoſe alone be poyſoned euermore:
But if he ſay, take, theſe I giue to thee,
All thoſe my weapons which belong to me,
Tuch them not, when he layes them thee before,
Thoſe gifies of his, all falſe and fierie be.

FINIS.

FINIS.

ODES PA-

STORALL.

SESTINE 2.

IN ſweeteſt pride of youthfull may,
Where my poore flockes were wont to ſtay
About the valleys and high hilles
Which Flora with her glorie filles,
Parthenophil the gentle ſwayne,
Perplexed with a pleaſing payne,
Diſpairing how to ſlake his payne,
To woodes and floodes theſe wordes did ſay:
Parthenophe mine harts ſoueraine,
Why doeſt thou my delightes delay?
And with thy craſſe vnkindneſſe killes,
Mine hart bound martyr to thy willes?
But women will haue their owne willes,
Alas why then ſhould I complaine?
Since what ſhe liſt her hart fulfilles,
I ſigh, I weepe, I kneele, I pray,
When I ſhould kiſſe ſhe runnes away:
Sighes, knees, teares, prayers ſpent in vayne.
My verſes do not pleaſe her vayne,
Mine hart weares with continuall thrilles,

His Epilogue about to play,
My ſence vnſounde, my wittes to wayne,
I ſtill expect an happie day,
Whileſt harueſt graues, my winter ſpilles,
Parthenophe nune harueſt ſpilles.
She robbes my ſtore-houſe of his grayne:
Alas ſweet wenche thy rage allay,
Behold what fountaine ſtill diſtilles,
Whiles thine heates rage in me doth rayne:
Yet moyſture will not his flame ſtay.
Parthenophe thy furie ſtay,
Take hence th'occaſion of theſe Illes,
Thou art the cauſe, but come againe,
Returne, and Floraes pride diſtaine,
Her lillyes, roſe, and daffadilles:
Thy cheekes, and forhead diſaray
The roſe and lillyes of their grayne.
What ſwannes can yeelde ſo many quilles,
As all glories can diſplay.

ODE I.

WHen I walke forth into the woodes,
(With heauie paſsion to complaine)
I vewe the trees with bluſhing buddes
Aſham'd, or greeued at my paine:
There *Amaranthe*, with roſie ſtaine
(Me pittying) doth his leaues ingraine.

When I paſſe penſiue to the ſhore,
The water byrdes about me flye:

As if the mournde, when riuers roare,
Chyding thy wrathfull crueltie:
Halcion watcheth warily
To chyde thee, when thou commeſt by.

If to the Citie I repaier,
Mine eyes thy crueltie betray:
And (thoſe which vew me) finde my cayer:
Swolne eyes, and ſorrowes it betray,
Whoſe figures in my forhead are:
Theſe curſe the cauſe of mine il-fare.

When I go forth to feede my flockes,
As I, ſo they hang downe their head:
If I complaine to ruthleſſe rockes
(For that it ſeemes hard rockes her bred)
Rockes ruth in riuers may be redde,
Which from thoſe rockes downe-trickled.

When ſhepheard's would know how I fare,
And aske how doth *Parthenophil*
Ecchoe answer's in voyde ayer:
And with theſe newes each place doth fill.
Poore herdgroomes from each cottage will
Sing my complaintes, on euery hill.

ODE 2.

Speake *Eccho* all,
With *Lillyes, Columbines*, and *Roſes*,
What their *Parthenophe*, compoſes: *Eccho*, poſes
Oh ſacred ſmell!

For

For those (which in her lappe she closes)
The goddes please well.

Speake *Eccho* tell:
With *Daffadilles* what doth she plette,
Which in such order she doth sette
For loue to dwell?
As she should *Floraes* Chappell let? *Eccho*, Chaplet
This loue likes well.

Speake *Eccho* tell:
Why *Lillyes*, and red *Roses* like her? *Eccho*, like her.
No pittie with remorse will strike her,
Did nature well?
Which did from faireſt graces pike her
To be mine hell?

Speake *Eccho* tell:
Why *Columbynes* she entertaines?
Because the prouerbe (watchet) faines
True loues like well?
And do these therfore like her vaines? *Eccho* her vaines
There *Cupids* dwell.

Speake *Eccho* tell:
Wherefore her Chaplets yellow were like,
When others here, were more her like? *Eccho*, heare like:
Yet I know well,
Her hart is *Tygre-like*, or *Beare-like*,
To rockes it fell.

Sing

CANZON 2.

Sing ſing (Parthenophil) *ſing, pipe, and play:*
This feaſt is kept vpon this plaine
Amongſt th'Arcadian ſhepheard's euery where
For Aſtrophill's *byrth-day: ſweet* Aſtrophil.
Arcadies honour, neighbie Pan's cheeſe pride:
Where be the Nymph's, the Nymphes all gathred bee
To ſing ſweet Aſtrophil's *ſweet prayſe.*

Eccho, *recorde what feaſtes be kept to day*
Amongſt th'Arcadian ſhepheard ſwaine,
VVhat keepe the whiles they do the muſes cheare?
Eccho, *cheare*

He chear'de the muſes with cæleſtiall skill,
All ſhepheard's prayſe dye'd with him when he dye'd:
He left no peere, then what deſerued he
At whoſe pypes ſounde the Lambe kinne bayes?
Eccho, *bayes*

The Bullockes leape, the fawnes daunce in aray.
Kiddes skippe, the Satyres friskynes fayne,
Here ſtandes an hearde of ſwaines, faire Nymphes ſtand there:
Swaines daunce, whiles Nymphes with flowers their baskets fill.
VVhat was he to thoſe Nymphes which garlands tyed?
Eccho, *tyed*
VVhat ty'de him? hath he to tell there bound'ee?
Eccho, *bountee*
How? to report his martiall dayes?
Eccho, *all dayes.*

Thrise happie man that found this happie way
His prayse' all shepheard's glorie stayne;
VVhat doth Parthenophe *my purchase deare?*
Eccho, *chase deare*
VVhat saith she to her Parthenophil:
Eccho, *o fill*
Shepheardes I fill sweet wines repurified,
And to his blessed soule this health heaue wee,
Singing sweete Odes, and rounde layes.

Let euery man drinke round beside this bay:
Where are the Nymphes and fayrie traine?
Stella, *three garlandes in her hand doth beare,*
And those for his sweet sake she proffer will
Vnto th'Elezian *soules: And I haue spied*
Parthenophe, *with spoile returnes to mee*
Of three great hartes, sing virilayes.

Those golden dartes flye neuer voyde of praye
And Stella *sittes (as if some chaine*
Of fancies bound her) by that mottley breere;
Where with sweet Eglantine, *and* Daffadil
She Clapplettes makes, with gold and scarlet dye'd,
Here Colin *sittes beneath that oken tree*
Eliza *singing in his layes.*

Blest is Arcadiaes *Queene, kneele swaines, and say*
That she (which here cheefe Nymph doth rayne)
May blessed liue, to see th'extreamest yeare.
For sacrifice (then) Lambes and kiddlinges kill;
And he by them Eliza *glorified,*
The flower of loues, and pure virginitie:

This

This Delian *Nymphe doth amaſe.*

The faireſt deares which in the foreſtes ſtay,
Thoſe harts (which proudeſt heard's diſtaine
And raunge the foreſtes as with compeere)
Submiſſiue yeelde them ſelues, that if ſhe will
She them may wounde, or on their ſwift backes ride.
Lyons, *and* Beares, *with bewtie tameth ſhe:*
Shepheard's, for her your voyces raiſe.

Eccho *this fauour if I purchaſe may*
Do not herd-groomes there fayne?
Eccho, *there fayne.*
What want they, ſpeake, now they be bleſt, if eare.
Eccho, *feare.*
What be the confines? rebell's they be ſtill.
Eccho, *they be ſtill.*
What is ſhe, that ſo many ſwaines doth their guide?
Eccho, *there guide*
None but her ſelfe, hath that abilitie
To rule ſo many bleſſed wayes:
Her thoughtes ſure grounded on diuinitie,
For this ſweet Nymphe, each ſhepheard prayes.

ODE 3.

Vpon an holy Saintes eue
(As I tooke my pilgrimadge)
Wandring through the forreſt waye
(Bleſt be that holy ſainte)
I mette the louely Virgine *Marye*
And kneeled with long trauell fainte

Performing my dew homage,
My teares fore told mine hart did greeue
Yet *Mary* would not me releeue.

Her I did promise euery yeare,
The firstling fœmale of my flocke
That in my loue she would me furder:
I curst the dayes of my first loue,
My comfortes spoiles, my pleasures murther:
She, she alas did me reproue,
My suites (as to a stonie rocke)
Were made, for she would not giue eare.
Ah loue, deare loue, loue bought to deare!

Mary, my sainte chast, and milde
Pittie, ah pittie my suite,
Thou art a virgine, pittie mee:
Shine eyes, though pittie wanting.
That she by them my greefe may see
And looke on mine hart panting:
But her deafe eares, and tonge mute
Shewes her hard hart vnreconcil'de,
Hard hart, from all remorse exil'de.

ODE 4.

Bacchus father of all sport,
Worker of loues comfort,
Venus best beloued brother
(Like beloued is none other)
Greater father of felicitie,
Fill full with thy diuinitie,

Theſe thirſtie, and theſe emptie vaines,
Thence fuming vp into my braines
Exceede *Apollo* through thy might,
And make me by thy motion light:
That with alacritie I may
Write pleaſing Odes, and ſtill diſplay
Parthenophe, with ſuch high praiſes
Whoſe bewtie ſhepheard's all amaſes:
And by thoſe meanes her loues obtaine,
Then hauing fill'd vp euery vaine,
I ſhall be ſet in perfect ſtate
The rightes of loue to celebrate.
Then each yeare fat from my ſheepecoate
Thy ſacrifice a tydie goate:
And *Iô Euohê* ſhall bee
Loude chaunted euery where to thee.

ODE 5.

Parthenophe ſee what is ſent:
By me (faire Nymphe) theſe ſaints ſalute thee,
Whoſe preſentes in this basket beare
Faithfull *Parthenophill* doth beare,
Nor will I proue ingrate, nor mute bee.
If my power were,
Such giftes as theſe
(If they would pleaſe)
Here will ingely I would preſent,

And theſe thoſe preſents preſent bee:
Firſt *Iuno* ſent to thee theſe *lillyes*,
In whoſe ſteede chaſt affection moues

Venus hath ſent two Turtle doues,
Narciſſus giues the *Daffadillyes*:
For doues true loues:
For *Daffadilles*
My golden willes:
Which counteruailes, what here is ſent thee.

Flora doth greete thee with ſweet *Roſes*,
Thetis with rich pearle Oriente,
Leucothoe with franckincenſe:
For *Roſes*, my loues chaſt pretence:
For pearles, thoſe teares which I haue ſpent:
My ſighes incenſe;
For ſweet perfume:
Thus I preſume
Poore ſhepheard, to preſente theſe poaſies.

Though I be rude (as ſhepheards are)
Lillyes I know, do ſtand for whitneſſe:
And *Daffadilles* thy golden heare:
And doues thy meeknelle figures beare:
Red *Roſes* for a bluſhing brightneſſe,
Thy teeth pearles were,
That incenſe ſhoed
Thy breathe that bloed.
A ſacrifice, for which goddes care.

Bleſt is that ſhepheard nine times nine
Which ſhall in boſome theſe flowers keepe,
Bound in one poſie whoſe ſweet ſmell
In paradiſe may make him dwell
And ſleepe a tentimes happie ſleepe.

I dare not mell,
Elſe with good will
Parthenophil
Would to thy lippes one kiſſe aſſigne.

ODE 6.

Oh fayre ſweet gloue
Deuine token
Of her ſweet loue
Sweetely broken:
By wordes, ſweet loues ſhe durſt not moue,
Theſe giftes her loue to me do proue
Though neuer ſpoken.

On her fayre hand
This gloue once was,
None in this land
Did euer paſſe
Her handes fayre white, come loues here ſtand,
Let graces (with yours) match her hand:
Hyde, hyde alas!

Graces would ſmile
If you ſhould matche,
Herr's yours beguile,
Her's garlandes catche
From all the Nymphes, which blush the while
To ſee there white out-matcht a myle
Which prayſe did watche.

This gloue I kiſſe,

And for thy ſake
I will not miſſe
But ballades make,
And euery ſhepheard ſhall know this,
Parthenophil in ſuch grace is
Muſes awake:

For I will ſing
Thy matcheleſſe prayſes;
And my pypes bring
Which floodes amaiſes,
Wilde *Satyres* friskines ſhall out-fling,
The rockes ſhall this dayes glorie ring
Whiles Nymphes bring *dazes*.

Some *woodbynes* beare
Some *damaske roſes*,
The muſes were
A bynding poaſes,
My goddeſſe gloue to herrye heere,
Great *Pan*, commes in with flowers ſeare
And crownes compoſes.

I note this day,
Once euery yeare,
An holy-day
For her kept deare;
An hundreth ſwaines on pypes ſhall play,
And for the gloue maske in aray
With iolly cheare.

A gloue of gold

I will bring in,
For which ſwaines bold
Shall ſtrife begin:
And he (which loues can beſt vnfold,
And hath in ſonges his minde beſt told)
The gloue ſhall winne.

Nymphes ſhall reſorte,
And they (which flowers)
Shall decke a forte
For parramours:
Which for this gloue ſhall there contende,
Vnpartiall Nymphes ſhall Iudgement ende:
And in thoſe bowers.

Pronounce, who beſt
Deſeru'd of all:
Then by the reſt
A coronall
Of *Roſes*, freſhly ſhall be dreſt:
And he with that rich gloue poſſeſt,
As principall.

ODE 7.

When I did thinke to write of warre,
And martiall cheefden's of the field:
Diana did inforce to yeeld
My muſe to prayſe the Weſterne ſtarre:
But *Pallas* did my purpoſe barre:
My muſe as too weake it to weeld.

Elizaes prayſes were too hye,
Diuineſt wittes haue done their beſt,
And yet the moſt haue proued leaſt:
Such was her ſacred maieſtie,
Loues pride grace to virginitie:
Oh could my muſe in her prayſe reſt!

Venus directed me to write
The prayſe of peerleſſe bewties wonder,
A theame more fit for voyce of thunder:
Parthenophe, from whoſe eyes bright,
Ten thouſand graces dar'e my might,
And will'd me fiue degrees write vnder.

But yet her fancie wrought ſo much,
That my muſe did her prayſe aduenter,
Wherein of yore it durſt not enter:
And now her bewtie giues that ſuche,
Vnto my muſe, in number ſuche:
Which makes me more, and more repent her.

ODE 8.

In a ſhadie groue of mirtle,
(Where byrdes muſicall reſorted)
With *Floraes* painted flowers fertle,
Which men with ſight and ſent comforted,
Whilſt turtles equally diſported,
Where each Nymphe loaſes,
Bunches of poaſes,
Which into Chapplettes ſweet they ſorted.

There ſeated in that louely ſhade,
Which *Laya* bewtifull there ſate
A gentle ſhepheard, which had made
Gainſt euening twilight ſomewhat late,
An arbour built in Syluane ſtate
Where in exchaunge,
Their eyes did raunge
Giuing each other the check-mate.

He ſaid ſweet comfort of my life
Come and embrace *Parthenophil*
Mette we ſade ſhe to fall at ſtriſe
I will be gone I that I will
I lou'd your long, why do ſo ſtill
I can not chuſe
If you refuſe
But ſhall my ſelfe with ſorrow kill.

With that he ſight and would haue kiſt
And vew'de her with a fearefull ſmile
She turn'd and ſaid your ame miſt
With ſighes redoubled the meanewhile
The ſhepheard ſate, but did compile
Greene knotted ruſhings,
Then roundlayes ſings:
And pleaſaunt doth twilight beguile.

At length he ſomewhat nearer preſt
And with a glaunce the Nymphe deceauing
He kiſt her, ſhe ſaid be at reſt
Willing diſpleas'd in the rectauing:
Thence from his purpoſe neuer leauing

He preſt her further,
She would cry murther,
But ſomewhat was her breathe bereauing.

At length he doth poſſeſſe her whoale,
Her lippes, and all he would deſier:
And would haue breath'd in her his ſoale
(If that his ſoale he could enſpyer)
Eft that chaunc'd which he did requier:
A liue ſoule poſſeſt
Her matrone breſt,
Then waking I found ſleepe a lyer.

ODE 9.

Behold (out-walking in theſe valleyes)
Where faire *Parthenophe* doth treade,
How ioyſome *Flora* with her dallyes,
And at her ſteppes ſweet flowers bredde:
Narciſſus yellow,
And *Amaranthus* euer redde,
Which all her foote-ſteppes ouer ſpredde:
With *Hyacynthe* that findes no fellow.

Behold, within that ſhadie thicke
Where my *Parthenophe* doth walke,
Her bewtie makes trees mouing quicke
Which of her grace in murmur talke:
The *poplar* trees ſhed teares,
The bloſſom'd *Hauthorne* white as chalke,
And *Aſpine* trembling on his ſtalke:
The tree which ſweet fra n ckincenſe beares.

The barren *Hebene* coalie blacke,
Greene *Iuy* with his ſtraunge embraces,
Daphne which ſcornes Ioues thunder-cracke,
Sweet *Cypreſſe* ſet in ſundry places:
And ſinging *Atis* telles
Vnto the reſt my miſtreſſe graces,
From them the winde her glorie chaſes
Throughout the Weſt: where it excelles.

ODE 10.

Why doth heauen beare a Sunne
To giue the world an heate?
Why there haue ſtarres a ſeate?
On earth (when all is donne)
Parthenophes bright Sunne
Doth giue a greater heate.

And in her heauen there bee
Such faire bright blazing ſtarres,
Which ſtill make open warres
With thoſe in heauens degree:
Theſe ſtarres farre brighter bee
Then brighteſt of heauens ſtarres.

Why doth earth bring forth *Roſes*,
Violettes, or *Lillyes*,
Or bright *Daffadylies*:
In her cleare cheekes ſhe cloaſes
Sweet *Damaske Roſes*,
In her necke white Lillyes.

Violettes in her vaynes:
Why do men ſacrifice
Incenſe to dieties?
Her breathe more fauour gaines,
And pleaſe the heauenly vaynes,
More then rich ſacrifice.

ODE II.

Louely *Maya Hermes* mother
Of faire *Flora* much befriended
(To whom this ſweet month is commẽded
This month more ſweet then any other)
By thy ſweet ſouerantie defended.

Dazes, Couſlippes, and *Primroſes*
Fragrant *Violettes*, and ſweet *Mynthe*
Match'te with purple *Hyacynthe*,
Of theſe each where Nymphes make trimme poſes
Prayſing their mother *Bericynthe*.

Behold an heard of Iollie ſwaines
Go flocking vp and downe the meade,
A troupe of louely Nymphes do treade:
And dearnely dauncing on yon plaines
Each doth in courſe her hornepype lead.

Before the groomes playes *Peers* the pyper,
The bring in *Hauthorne* and *ſweet breere*,
And *damaske-roſes* they would beare
(But them they leaue till they be riper)
The reſt, round moriſſes daunce there.

With

With frisking gamboldes, and ſuch glee,
Vnto the louely Nymphes they haſt:
Who there in decent order plac'de
Expect who ſhall Queene *Flora* bee,
And with the may crowne cheefly grac'de.

The ſhepheardes poopen in their pype
One leades his wenche a country rounde:
Another ſittes vpon the grounde
And doth his beard from driuell wipe,
Becauſe he would be handſome found.

To ſee the frisking, and ſcouping
To heare the herdgroomes wowing ſpeeches,
Whiles one to daunce his gyrle beſeeches,
The lead-heeld lazie luskines louping
Fling out in their new mottley breeches.

This done, with iollye cheare, and game
The batchler ſwaines, and yong Nymphes mett
Where in an arbour they were ſett
Thether (to chuſe a Queene) they came
And ſoone concluded her fette.

There with a garland they did crowne
Parthenophe my ſweet true-loue,
Whoſe bewtie all the Nymphes aboue
Did put the louely graces downe:
The ſwaines with ſhoutes rockes Ecchoes moue.

To ſee the roundes, and moriſſe daunces,
The leaden galliard's for her ſake,

To

To heare those songes the shepheardes make:
One with his hobbie-horse still praunces,
Whiles some with flowers an high way make.

There in a mantle of light greene,
Reseru'd by custome for that day
Parthenophe they did aray
And did create her sommers Queene,
And ruler of their merrie may.

SESTINE 3.

You loathed fieldes, and forrestes,
Infected with my vayne sighes:
You stonie rockes, and deafe hilles:
With my complaintes to speake taught:
You sandie shores, with my teares,
Which learne to wash your drie face;
Behold, and learne in my face,
The state of blasted forrestes.
If you would learne to shedde teares,
Or melt away with oft sighes,
You shall of me be this taught:
As I sit vnder these hilles:
Beating myne armes on these hilles,
Layd groueling on my leane face:
My sheepe of me to bleate taught,
And wander through the forrestes.
The soddeine windes learne my sighes,
Auroraes *flowers my teares:*
But she that should see my teares,
Swift skuddeth by the high hilles,

And sees me spent with long sighes,
And vewes my blubbered leane face,
Yet leaues me to the sorrestes:
Whose solitarie pathes taught
My woes, all comfortes vntaught.
These sorrowes, sighes, and salt teares,
Fit solitarie sorrestes:
These out cryes, meete for deafe hilles:
These teares, best-fitting this face:
This ayer, most meete for these sighes.
Consume consume with these sighes,
Such sorrowes, the to dye taught,
Which printed are in thy face:
Whose furroes made with much teares:
You stonie rockes, and high hilles,
You sandie shores, and forrestes,
Report my seaes, of salt teares:
You whom I nothing els taught,
But gronings teares, and sad sighes.

ODE 12.

One night I did attend my sheepe
(Which I with watchfull ward did keepe)
For feare of wolues assaulting
For many times the broake my sleepe,
And would into the cottage creepe,
Till I sent them out haulting.

At length me thought about midnight
(What time cleare *Cynthia* shined bright)

Beneath I hearde rumbling:
At firſt the noyſe did me affright,
But nought appeared in my ſight,
Yet ſtill heard ſomewhat tumbling.

At length good hart I tooke to riſe,
And then my ſelfe croſt three times thriſe,
Hence a ſharpe ſhephooke raught:
I feard the wolfe had got a priſe,
Yet how he might could not deuiſe;
I for his entrance ſought.

At length by moonelight could I eſpye
A little boy did naked lye
Frettiſh't, amongſt the flocke:
I him aproched ſomewhat nye,
He gron'd as he were like to dye,
But falſely me did mocke.

For pittie he crye'd wella-day,
God maiſter helpe me(if you may)
For I am almoſt ſtarued:
I pittied him when he did pray,
And brought him to my couch of hay,
But geſſe, as I was ſerued.

He bare about him a long dart,
Well guilded with fine painters art,
And had a pyle of ſteele:
On it I looked euery part,
Said I, will this pyle wounde an hart:
Tuch it(quoth he)and feele.

With

With that I tuch't the iauelinges poinct,
Eft-soones it perced to the ioynt,
And rageth now so fierce:
That all the balmes which it anointe,
Cannot preuaile with it a pointe,
But it myne hart will perce.

ODE 13.

On the plaines
Fairie traynes
Were a treading measures:
Satyres plaide,
Fayries staide
At the stoppes set leasures.

Nymphes beginne,
To come in
Quickly, thicke, and three fold:
Now the daunce,
Now the praunce,
Presente there (to behold)

On her breast
That did best
A iewell rich was placed:
Flora chose,
Which of those
Best the measures graced.

When he had:
Measures lad

Parthenophe did get it:
Nymphes did chide
(When they tryed)
Where the iudgement set it.

Thus the sayd,
This faire mayd
(Whom you gaue the iewell)
Takes no pleasure,
To keepe measure,
But it is too to cruell.

ODE 14.

Harke all you louely Nymphes forlorne,
With *Venus* chast *Diana* meetes,
And one another friendly greetes:
Did you not here her winde an horne?
Then cease fayre Ladyes do not morne.

Virgines (whom *Venus* made offend)
Resort into the wood at euen,
And euery one shall be forgiuen:
There shall all controuersies end,
Diana shall be *Venus* friende.

Harke (Nymphes forlorne) what is decreede?
Spotteless *Diana* (must not fayle)
But be adrest with *Venus* vayle,
Venus must weare *Dianaes* weede:
This vayle will shadow, when you needs,

If any thinke a virgine light
Dian'e in *Venus* vayle excuſeth,
And her Nymphe *Phoebes* habite vſeth:
Theſe queinte attyres befit you right,
For each a diuerſe garment chuſeth.

ODE 15.

Vulcane in Lemnos Ile,
Did golden ſhaftes compyle
For *Cupids* bowe:
Then *Venus* did with honnie ſweet
(To make it pleaſe, anointe the pyle:
Cupid belowe
Dipp'd it in gall, and made it meete
Poore wounded creatures to beguile.

When *Mars* return'd from warre,
Shaking his ſpeare a farre
Cupid beheld:
At him in ieſt *Mars* ſhak'd his ſpeare,
Which *Cupid* with his darte did barre
Which millions quelled:
Then *Mars* deſierd his darte to beare,
But ſoone the waight his force did marre.

Then *Mars* ſubdue'd, deſier'd
(Since he was with Ire tyer'd)
Cupid to take it:
Nay, you ſhall keepe it *Cupid* ſaid,
For firſt to feele it you requir'de:
Wound I will make it

As deepe as yours: you me did feare:
And for that, you ſhall be fier'd.

CANZON 3.

Sweet is the golden couſlippe, *bright, and faire:*
Tentimes more ſweet, more golden, fayre, and bright,
Thy treſſes (in rich trámell'de knottes) reſembling.
Venus ſwannes *backe, is louely, ſmooth, and white:*
More louely, ſmooth, and white his fethers are,
The ſiluer luſtre of thy browes diſſembling.
Bright are the ſunne beames, on the water trembling:
Much brighter, ſtinning like loues holy fier
On the well-watred dyámondes of thoſe eyes,
Whoſe heates reflection loues affection tryes.
Sweet is the ſenſor, whoſe ſume doth aſſyer
Appeaſing loue, when for reuenge he flyes:
More ſweet the cenſor, like thy ſeamely noſe,
Whoſe bewtie (then inuentions wonder hyer)
Nyne times nine muſes neuer could diſcloſe.

Sweet Eglantyne, *I can not but commende*
Thy modeſt roſie bluſh, pure white, and redde:
Yet I thy white, and redde praiſe more, and more,
In my ſweet Ladyes cheekes ſince they be ſhedde:
When grapes *to full maturitie doe tende,*
So round, ſo redde, ſo ſweet, all ieyes before,
Continually I long for them therefore,
To ſucke there ſweet, and with my lippes to tuche,
Not ſo much for the muſes Nectar ſake,
But that they from thy lippes there purpure take.
Sweet (pardon) though I thee compaire to ſuche

Proude nature, which ſo white loues doues did make.
And fram'd their louely heades, ſo white, and round:
How white and rounde? it doth exceede ſo much,
That nature nothing like thy chynne hath founde.

Faire Perles *which garniſh my ſweet Ladies necke,*
Faire Orient perles *oh how much I admire you!*
Not for your Orient gloſſe, or vertues rareneſſe,
But that you tuch her necke I much deſier your,
Whoſe whiteneſſe ſo much doth your luſtre cheeke
As whiteſt Lillyes *the* primeroſe *in faireneſſe:*
A necke moſt gorgious, euen in natures bareneſſe.
Deuine roſe buddes, *which (when ſpring doth ſurrender*
His crowne to ſummer) he laſt trophie reareth,
By which he (from all ſeaſons) the palme beareth,
Faire purple criſped ſouldes ſweet-dew'de, and tender,
Whoſe ſweetneſſe neuer weares, though moyſture weareth,
Sweet ripe-redde ſtrawberryes, *whoſe heauenly ſappe*
I would deſier to ſucke: but loues ingender
A Nectar *more deuine, in thy ſweet pappe.*

Oh louely tender pappes! but who ſhall preſſe them?
Whoſe heauenly Nectar, *and* Ambroſeall *iuyce*
Proceede from Violettes *ſweet, and* Aſier-*like,*
And from the matchleſſe purple Flower-deluce:
Round-riſing hilles, white hilles (ſweet Venus *bleſſe them)*
Natures rich trophyes, *not thoſe hilles vnlike*
Which that great Monarche Charles *(whoſe power did ſtrike*
From thartique *to* th'antartique *) dignified*
With proude Plus vltra, *which* Cerographye
In vnknowne Caracters *of victorye*
Nature hath ſet: by which ſhe ſignified

Her

Her Conqueſtes miracle rear'de vp on hye.
Soft Iuorie balles, with which whom ſhe lettes play
Aboue all mortall men is magnified,
And wagers boue all price ſhall beare away.

Oh loues, ſoft hilles how much I wonder you?
Betweene whoſe louely valleyes, ſmooth, and ſtraite
That glaſſie moiſture lyes, that ſlipperie dewe,
Whoſe courage tuch'te, could dead men ammate:
Old Neſtor *(if betweene, or vnder you*
He ſhould but tuch) his young yeares might renew,
And with all youthfull ioyes him ſelfe in dewe.
Oh ſmooth white ſatten, match-leſſe, ſoft, and bright?
More ſmooth then oyle, more white then lillye is,
As hard to matche as loues mountes hillye is,
As ſoft as downe, cleare as an glaſſe ſunne-light,
To prayſe your white my toung too much ſillye is:
How much at your ſmooth ſoft my ſence amazed is,
Which charmes the feeling and inchauntes the ſight?
But yet her bright, ſmooth, white, ſoft skinne more prayſed is.

How oft haue I, the ſiluer ſwanne *commended*
For that eauen cheſſe of fethers in her wing,
So white, and in ſuch decent order placed,
When ſhe the dolye Dirge *of death did ſing,*
With her yong mournefull Cygnettes *trayne attended?*
Yet, not becauſe the milke-white winges her graced,
But, when I thinke on my ſweet Ladyes waſt,
Whoſe Iuorie *ſides, a ſnowye ſhadow giues*
Of her well ordred ribbes, which riſe in falling,
How oft the ſwanne *I pitied her death calling?*
With dreerie notes? not that ſhe ſo ſhort liues,

And

And mongst the muses singes, for her installing,
But that so cleare a white should be distayned
With one, that for loues sugred torment liues.
And makes that white a plague to louers payned.

Oh how oft, how oft, did I chide and curse
The brethren windes in their power disagreeing?
East *for vnholesome vapour,* South *for rayne,*
North *for (by snowes and whirlewindes) bitter being:*
I lou'd the West, *because it was the nurse*
To Floraes *gardens, and to* Cœres *graine.*
Yet tentimes more these I did curse againe,
Because they were inconstant, and vnstable,
In drought, in moysture, frostie cold, and heate,
Here with a sunnie smile, their stormie threate:
Much like my Ladies fancies variable.
How oft with feete did I the marble beate,
Harming my feete, yet neuer hurt the stone,
Because like her it was impenitrable,
And her hartes nature with it was all one?

Oh that my ceaselesse sighes, and teares were able
To counter-charme her hart, to stone conuerted?
I might worke miracles to chaunge againe
The hard to soft, that it might rew my paine:
But of her selfe she is so straitely skirted
(Falsely reputing true loue honors staine)
That I shall neuer moue, and neuer dye,
So many wayes her minde I haue experted:
Yet shall I liue, through vertue of her eye.

ODE 16.

Before bright *Titan* rais'de his teame,
Or louely morne with rosie cheeke
VVith scarlette did'e the *Easterne* streame,
On *Phoebes* day first of the weeke
Early my goddesse did arise
VVith breathe to blesse the morning ayer:
Oh heauens which made deuine mine eyes
Glauncing on such a Nymphe so faire.
VVhose heare (downe-spredde in curled tresses)
Phoebus his glitterand beames withstood,
Much like him when through *Cypresses*
He daunceth on the siluer flood:
Or like the golden purled downe
Brooched vpon the palm-flowrd *wyllowes*,
VVhich downeward scattred from her crowne
Loosely disheuel'd on loues pillowes,
Couering her *swan-like* backe below
Like Iuorie match'te with purest gold,
Like *Phoebe* when on whitest snow
Her guilded shadow taketh hold.
Her forhead was like to the rose
Before *Adonis* prick'te his feete:
Or like the path to heauen which goes
VVhere all the louely graces meete.
Cupids rich chariotte stood vnder,
Moyst perle about the wheeles was set,
Gray *Achate* spokes not much a funder:
The Axeltree of purest iett.
Her seemely nose the rest which grac'de,

For

For *Cupid's* trophye was vprear'de:
Imperiall thrones where loue was plac'de,
VVhen of the world he would be fear'de;
VVhere *Cupid*, with ſweet *Venus* ſate:
Her cheekes with *roſe*, and *lillyes* deck'te,
Nature vpon the coache did wate,
And all in order did direct.
Her cheekes to *Damas' eroſes* ſweet
In ſent, and colour, weare ſo like:
That honnie-bees in ſwarmes would meete
To ſucke, and ſometimes ſhe would ſtrike
VVith daintie plume the bees to feare,
And being beaten they would ſting:
They founde ſuch heauenly honny theare,
Cupid (which there ſate triumphing)
VVhen he perceiu'd the bee did ſting her,
VVould ſwell for greefe, and curſe that bee
More then the bee that ſting'd his finger:
Yet ſtill about her they would flee.
Then loue to *Venus* would complaine
Of nature, which his chariot dreſt;
Nature would it excuſe againe
Saying ſhe then ſhew'd her skill beſt,
VVhen ſhe dronke wine vpon her face
Bacchus would daunce, and ſpring to kiſſe,
And ſhadow with a bluſhing grace
Her cheekes, where louers build there bliſſe:
VVho when ſhe dranke would bluſh for ſhame,
That wanton *Bacchus* ſhe ſhould vſe,
VVho *Venus* brother might defame
Her, that ſhould ſuch acquaintance chuſe.
What gloſſe the ſcarlet curtaines caſt

On a bed-steede of *Iuorie*,
Such like, but such as much surpast
All glosse, her checkes did bewtifie.
Her roseate lippes, soft louely swelling,
And full of pleasure as a *Cherry*,
Her breath of deuine spices smelling,
Which with toung broaken, would make merry
Th'infernall soules, and with her voyce
Set heauen wide open, hell gates shut,
Moue melancholye to reioyce,
And thrall'de in Paradice might put.
Her voyce not humaine when she speaketh,
I thinke some Angell or goddesse
(Into cœlestiall tunes which breaketh)
Speakes like her, with such chearefulnesse.
All byrdes, and instrumentes may take
There notes deuine, and excellent,
Mellodious harmonie to make
From her sweet voyces least accent.
This we loues sanctuarie call:
Whence sacred sentences proceede
Rould vp in soundes Angelicall,
Whose place sweet nature hath decreede
Iust vnder *Cupids'* trophye fixt:
Where musique hath his excellence,
And such sweetes, with loues spirite mixt,
As please farre more then frankincense,
Thence issew forth loues Oracles
Of happinesse, and lucklesse teene,
So straunge be loues rare miracles
In her, as like haue neuer beene.
Her necke that curious axeltree,

Pure Iuorie like, which doth ſupport
The gloabe of my *Coſmographie*,
Where, to my *Planettes* I reſort
To take Iudiciall ſignes of skill,
When tempeſtes to myne hart will turne,
When ſhoures ſhall my fountaines fill,
And extreame droughtes mine hart ſhall burne:
There in that gloabe, ſhall I perceiue,
When I ſhall finde cleare element,
There, gloomie miſtes ſhall I conceiue
Which ſhall offende the firmament,
On this my ſtudies ſtill be bent,
VVhere euen as riuers from the ſeaes
In braunches through the land be ſent,
And into crooked ſinewes preaſe
Throughout the gloabe ſuch-wiſe the vaynes
Cleare *Chriſtalline* throughout her necke,
Like ſinuous, in their crooked traines
VVildely the ſwelling waues did checke.
Thence riſe her humble ſeemely ſhoulders,
Like two ſmooth pulliſh't *Iuory* toppes,
Of loues cheefe frame, the chief vphoulders
VVhiter then that was of *Pelops*.
Thẽce *Cupids* fiue-graind-mace out brancheth,
VVhich fiue-fold, the fiue ſences woundeth,
VVhoſe ſight, the minde of lookers launcheth,
VVhoſe force, all other force aſtoundeth.
Thence to that bed, where loues proude Queene
In ſilent maieſtie ſweet ſleepeth:
VVhere her ſoft louely pillowes beene,
VVhere *Cupid* through loues conduictes creepeth.
Pillowes, of *Venus turtles* downe

Pillowes, then *Venus turtles* softer,
Pillowes, the more where loue lyes downe,
More couetes to lye downe, and ofter:
Pillowes on which two sweet *rose buddes*,
Dew'de with *Ambrosiall* nectar lye,
VVhere loues milke-way, by springs, & floodes
Through violet pathes, smooth slideth by.
But now with feares, and teares proceede

Loues place of torture to declare,
VVhich such calamitie doth breede
To those, which there imprisoned are.
VVhich once in cheanes are neuer free,
Which still for want of succour pyne,
Dry sighes, salte-watrie teares which bee
For daintie cates, and pleasant wine:
Immur'de with pure white Iuorye,
Fetters of Adamant to draw
Euen steele it selfe (if ir be nye)
A bondage without right, or law:
With poore *Actæon* ouerthrowne
But for a looke: and with an eye
(In his cleare armes) loues sergeant knowne
Arrestes each louer that goes by.
This is her hart, loues prison call'de,
Whose conquest is impregnable,
Whence who so chaunce to be in thrall'de,
To come forth after are vnable.
Further to passe then I haue seene,
Or more to shew then may be told,
Were too much impudence I weene:
Here therefore take myne anchor hold,
And with the *Romaine Post* deeme

Partes vnreueal'de to be moſt ſweete:
Which here deſcrib'de might euill beſeeme,
And for a modeſt muſe vnmeete.
Such bleſſed morninges ſeldome bee,
Such ſightes, too rare when men goe by:
Would I but once, the like might ſee,
That I might dye, before I dye.

SESTINE 4.

Eccho, *what ſhall I do to my Nymphe, when I goe to behold her?*
Eccho, *hold her.*
So dare I not, leaſt ſhe ſhould thinke that I make her a pray then?
Eccho, *pray then.*
Yea, but at me ſhe will take ſcorne, proceeded of honor?
Eccho, *on her.*
Me beare will ſhe (with her to deale ſo ſaucilie) neuer?
Eccho, euer.
Yea but I greatly feare, ſhe will haue pure thoughtes to refuſe ſuch?
Eccho, *fewe ſuch.*
Then will I venture againe more bold, if you warne me to do ſo?
Eccho, *do ſo.*
I muſt write with teares, and ſighes, before that I do ſo?
Eccho, *do ſo.*
But what if my teares, and ſighes be ſo weake to remoue her?
Eccho, *moue her.*
So ſhall yee moue huge Alpes with teares, and ſighes, if you may ſuch.
Eccho, *you may ſuch.*
If any that ſhall affirme for a truth, I ſhall hold that they lye then?
Eccho, *lye then.*
If I ſtudie to death (in linde) ſhall I lye neuer?
Eccho, *euer.*

Oh what is it to lye, is't not dishonor?

Eccho, *tis honor.*

Then to flatter a while her, is't not dishonor?

Eccho, *honor.*

Then will I wrest out sighes, and wring forth teares when I do so?

Eccho, *do so.*

Least she finde my craft, with her I may toye neuer?

Eccho, *euer.*

Then if you iest in kinde with her you winne her?

Eccho, *you winne her.*

Then (what time she laughes from her hart) shall I smile then?

Eccho, *ey smile then.*

They that like my toyes, is it harme if I kisse such?

Eccho, *ey kisse such.*

Yea but most Ladyes haue disdainefull mindes, to refuse such?

Eccho, *fewe such.*

In what space shall I know, whether her loue resteth in honour?

Eccho, *in one hower.*

Oh for such a sweet hower my life of howers will I pray then?

Eccho, *ay o then!*

Then if I finde as I would, more bold to vrge her I may be so?

Eccho, *be so.*

But if she do refuse, then woe to th' attempter?

Eccho, *attempt her.*

She will proudly refuse, and speakes in iest neuer?

Eccho, *euer.*

So though still she refuse, she speakes in iest euer?

Eccho, *euer.*

Then such (as these) bee the true best signes to seeke out such?

Eccho, *seeke out such.*

Such will I seeke but what shall I do when I first shall attempt her?

Eccho, *tempt her.*

How

How ſhall I tempt her-eare ſhe ſtand on termes of her honor?
Eccho, *on her.*
Oh might I come to that! I thinke it is euen ſo
Eccho, *tis euen ſo.*
Strongly to tempt, and moue (at firſt) is ſurely the beſt then?
Eccho, *the beſt then.*
What (when they do repugne, yet cry not forth) will they do then?
Eccho, *do then.*
With ſuch a blunt proeme, Ladies ſhall I moue neuer
Eccho, *euer.*
I muſt waite at an inche on ſuch Nymphes whom I regard ſo
Eccho, *guarde ſo.*
Thoſe whom in hart I loue, my faith doth firmely deſerue ſuch
Eccho, *ſerue ſuch.*
Then (to become their ſlaues) is no great diſhonor?
Eccho, *honor.*
But to the muſes (firſt) I will recommend her
Eccho, *commende her.*
They that pittie louers i'ſt good if I prayſe ſuch?
Eccho, *ey prayſe ſuch.*
If that I write their prayſe, by my verſe ſhall they liue neuer?
Eccho, *euer.*
If thy wordes be true, with thankes take adew then
Eccho, *adew then.*

CARMEN CANACREONTIUM.

ODE 17.

Reueale (ſweet muſe) this ſecrette,
Wherein, the liuely ſences
Do moſt triumph in glorie

Where others talke of *eagles*,
Searching the Sunne with quick-sight:
With eyes in brightneſſe pearſaunte,
Parthenophe, my ſweet Nymphe,
With ſight more quicke then *eagles*,
With eyes, more cleare, and pearſaunte,
And (which exceedes all *eagles*)
Whoſe influence giues more heate,
Then Sunne in *Cancers tropique*:
With proude imperious glaunces,
Subdewing all beholders,
Which gaze vpon their brightneſſe,
Shall triumphe ouer that ſence.
Reueale (ſweet muſe) this ſecret,
Wherein the liuely ſences
Do moſt triumph in glorie,
Where ſome, of heauenly *Nectar*,
The taſtes cheefe comfort talke of,
For pleaſure, and ſweet reliſh:
Where ſome, cœleſtiall *Syrroppes*,
And ſweet *Barbarian* ſpices,
For pleaſauntneſſe commend moſt:
Parthenophe, my ſweet Nymphe,
With lippes more ſweet then *Nectar*,
Containing much more comfort,
Then all cœleſtiall *Syrroppes*,
And which exceedes all ſpices,
On which, none can take ſurfet,
Shall triumphe ouer that ſence.
Reueale (ſweet muſe) this ſecret,
Wherein, the liuely ſences
Do moſt triumphe in glorie,

Where

Where ſome, *Panchaian* incenſe,
And riche *Arabian* odours,
And waters ſweet diſtilled:
Where ſome of herbes, and flowers,
Of *Amber-greece*, and ſweet rootes,
For heauenly ſpirite prayſe moſt:
Parthenophe, my ſweet Nymphe
With breath more ſweet then incenſe,
Panchaian, or *Arabicke*,
Or any ſortes of ſweet thinges,
And (which exceedes all odours)
Whoſe ſpirite, is loues godhead,
Shall triumphe ouer that ſence.
Reueale (ſweet muſe) this ſecret,
Wherein the liuely ſences,
Do moſt triumphe in glorie:
Where muſique, reſtes in voyces,
As *Socrates* ſuppoſed:
In voyce, and bodies mouing,
As though *Ariſtoxinus*:
In mynde, as *Theophraſtus*.
Her voyce, exceedes all muſique,
Her bodies comely carridge,
Her geſture, and deuine grace
Doth rauiſh all beholders:
Her mynde, it is much heauenly
And which, exceedes all iudgement.
But ſuch ſweet lookes, ſweet thoughtes tell,
And makes her conquour that ſence.
Reueale (ſweet muſe) this ſecret,
Wherein, the liuely ſences,
Do moſt triumphe in glorie:

Where ſome, of ſacred handes talke,
Whoſe bleſſing makes things proſper:
Where ſome, of well-skill'de fingers,
Which makes ſuch heauenly muſique,
With woode, and touch of liuewes:
Parthenophes deuine handes,
Let them, but tuch my rude handes,
Let them, but tuch my pale cheekes,
Let them, but any part tuch:
My ſorrow ſhall aſſwage ſoone,
Let her, but checke the lute ſtring,
The ſounde to heauen ſhall charme me:
Thus ſhee the ſences conquores.

ODE 18.

Oh that I could make her whom I loue beſt,
Finde in a face with miſerie wrinckled,
Finde in an hart, with ſighes ouer-ill-pynde,
Her cruell hatred!
Oh that I could make her whom I loue beſt,
Finde by my teares, what maladie vexeth,
Finde by my throbbes, how forceably loues darte
Woundes my decayde hart!
Oh that I could make her, whom I loue beſt
Tell with a ſweet ſmile, that ſhe reſpecteth
All my lamentinges, and that in her hart
Mourne fully ſhe rues!
For my deſartes, were worthy the fauours
Of ſuch a fayre Nymphe, might ſhe be fairer
Oh then a firme faith, what may be richer!
Then to my loue yeeld.

Then will I leaue theſe teares to the waſt rockes,
Then will I leaue theſe ſighes to the rough windes,
Oh that I could make her, whom I loue beſt
Pittie my long ſmart!

ODE 19.

Why ſhould I weepe in vayne, poore and remedileſſe?
Why ſhould I make complainte, to the deafe wilderneſſe?
Why ſhould I ſigh for eaſe, ſighes they breede maladie?
Why ſhould I grone in hart, grones they bring miſerie?
Why ſhould teares, plaintes, & ſighes mingled with heauy (grones
Practiſe their crueltie, whiles I cõplaine to ſtones?
Oh what a cruell hart, with ſuch a tyrannie
Hardly ſhe practiſeth (in greefes extremitie)
Such to make conquered, whom ſhe would haue depreſt,
Such a man to diſeaſe, whom ſhe would haue oppreſt?
Oh but (*Parthenophe*) turne and be pittifull!
Crueltie bewtie ſtaynes, thou ſweet art bewtifull,
If that I made offence, my loue is all the fault
VVhich thou can charge me with, thẽ do not maſſe aſſault
With ſuch extremities, for my kinde hartie loue:
But for lones pittie ſake, from me thy frownes remoue.
So ſhalt thou make me bleſt, ſo ſhall my ſorrowes ceaſe,
So ſhall I liue at eaſe, ſo ſhall my ioyes acreaſe,
So ſhal teares, plaints, & ſighes, mingled with heauy grones
Wearie the rockes no more, nor lament to the ſtones.

ODE 20.

ASCLEPIAD.

O ſweet pittileſſe eye, bewtifull, Orient!

(Since my faith is a rocke, durable euery where:)
Smile, and ſhine with a glaunce, hartely me to ioye,
Bewtie taketh a place, pitie regardes it not:
Vertue findeth a throane, ſettled in euery part:
Pittie founde none at all, baniſhed euery where.
Since then bewtie triumphes, chaſtities enemy:
And vertue cleped is, much to be pittifull:
And ſince that thy delight, is euer vertuous:
My teares (*Parthenophe*) pittie, be pittifull,
So ſhall men the repute great, as an holy Saint:
So ſhall bewtie remaine, mightely glorified:
So thy fame ſhall abounde, durably chronicled:
Then ſweet (*Parthenophe*) pittie, be mercifull.

SONNET CV.

Ah me how many wayes haue I aſſaide
To winne my miſtreſſe to me ceaſeleſſe ſuite?
What endleſſe meanes and prayers haue I made
To thy faire graces euer deafe and mute?
At thy long abſence like an errant page
With ſighes and teares long iourneyes did I make,
Through pathes vnknowne in tedious pilgrimage
And neuer ſlept, but alwayes did awake.
And hauing founde the ruthleſſe, and vnkinde:
Soft skinn'd, hard-harted, ſweet lookes, voyde of pittie:
Ten thouſand furies raged in my minde
Chaunging the tenour of my louely dittie:
By whoſe enchaunting ſawes, and magicke ſpell
Thine hard indurate hart, I muſt compell.

Then

SESTINE 5.

Then, first with lockes disheueled, and bare,
Straite guirded, in a cheare full calmie night:
Hauing a fier made of greene Cypresse woode,
And with male franckincense on alter kindled
I call on threefould Hecate with teares,
And here (with loude voyce) inuocate the furies:
For their assistance, to me with their furies:
Whilst snowye steedes in coach bright Phoebe bare.
Ay me Parthenophe smiles at my teares,
I neither take my rest by day, or night:
Her cruell loues in me such heate haue kindled.
Hence goate and bring her to me raging woode:
Hecate tell which way she comes through the woode.
This wine aboute this aulter, to the furies
I sprinkle, whiles the Cypresse bowes be kindled,
This brimstone earth within her bowelles bare,
And this blew incense sacred to the night.
This hand (perforce) from this bay this braunche teares.
So be she brought which pittied not my teares.
And as it burneth with the Cypresse woode
So burne she with desier by day and night.
You goddes of vengance, and auenge-full furies
Reuenge, to whom I bende on my knees bare.
Hence goate, and bring her with loues outrage kindled.
Hecate make signes if she with loue come kindled.
Thinke on my passions Hec'ate, and my teares:
This Rose mariene (whose braunche she cheefely bare
And loued best) I cut both barke and woode,
Broke with this brasen Axe, and in loues furies

I treade on it, reioycing in this night:
And saying, let her her feele such woundes this night.
About this alter, and rich incense kindled
This lace and Veruine *to loues bitter furies*
I binde, and strewe, and with sadde sighes and teares
About I beare her Image raging woode.
Hence goate and bring her from her bedding bare:
Hecate *reueale if she like passions bare.*
I knitte tree true loue knottes (this is loues night)
Of three discolour'd silkes, to make her woode,
But she scornes Venus *till her loues be kindled,*
And till she finde the greese of sighes and teares:
Sweet Queene of loues for mine vnpittied furies,
A like torment her with such scaulding furies:
And this turtle *(when the losse she bare*
Of her deare make) in her kinde did shed teares,
And mourning did seeke him all day, and night:
Let such lament in her for me be kindled,
And mourne she still, till she runne raging woode:
Hence goate and bring her to me raging woode.
These letter's, and these verses to the furries
(Which she did write) all in this flame be kindled:
Me (with these papers) in vayne hope she bare
That she to day would turne mine hopelesse night,
These as I rent, and burne, so furie teares.
Her hardned hart, which pittied not my teares.
The winde shaked trees make murmure in the woode,
The waters roare at this thrise sacred night,
The windes come whisking still to note her furies:
Trees, woodes, and windes, a part in my plaintes bare,
And knew my woes, now ioy to see her kindled:
See whence she comes with loues enrag'd and kindled:

The pitchye clowdes (in droppes) send downe there teares,
Owles ſcritche, Doggs barke to ſee her carried bare,
Wolues youle, and cry: Bulles bellow through the wood,
Rauens croake, now, now, I feele loues fierceſt furies:
See'ſt thou that blacke goate, brought this ſilent night
Through emptie clowdes by th'daughters of the night?
See how on him ſhe ſittes, with loue rage kindled,
Hether perforce brought with auenge-full furies?
Now I waxe drowſie, now ceaſe all my teares,
Whilſt I take reſt and ſlumber neare this woode:
Ah me! Parthenophe naked and bare,
Come bleſſed goate, that my ſweet Lady bare:
Where haſt thou beene (Parthenophe) this night?
What could? ſleepe by this fier of Cypreſſe woode
Which I much longing for thy ſake haue kindled,
Weepe not, come louers and wipe away her teares:
At length yet, wilt thou take away my furies?
Ay me, embrace me, ſee thoſe ouglye furies.
Come to my bed, leaſt they behold thee bare
And beare thee hence the will not pittie teares,
And theſe ſtill dwell in euerlaſting night:
Ah loues, ſweet loue, ſweet fiers for vs hath kindled,
But not inflam'd, with franckinſenſe, or woode,
The furies, they ſhall hence into the woode,
Whiles Cupid ſhall make calmer his hot furies,
And ſtand appeaſed at our fier's kindled.
Ioyne ioyne (Parthenophe) thy ſelfe vnbare,
None can perceiue vs in the ſilent night,
Now will I ceaſe from ſighes, lamentes, and teares,
And ceaſe (Parthenophe) ſweet ceaſe thy teares:
Beare golden Apples thornes in euery woode,
Ioyne heauens, for we con ioyne this heauenly night:

Let Alder *trees beare Apricockes (dye furies)*
And Thistles Peares, *which prickles lately bare:*
Now both in one with equall flame be kindled:
Dye magicke bowes, now dye, which late were kindled:
Here is mine heauen: loues drooping sterre of teares:
It ioynes, it ioynes, ah both embracing beare:
Let Nettles *bring forth* Roses *in each woode,*
Last euer verdant woodes: hence former furies:
Oh dye, liue, ioye: what? Last continuall night,
Sleepe Phœbus *still with* Thetis: *rule still night.*
I melt in loue, loues mirror flame it kindleth:
Here will I be consum'd in loues sweet furies.
I melt, I melt, watche Cupid my loue-teares:
If these be furies, oh let me be woode!
If all the fierie element I bare
T'is now acquitted: cease your former teares,
For as she once with rage my bodie kindled,
So in hers am I buried this night.

FINIS.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE Lord, Henry Earle of Northumberland.

Deigne (mightie Lord) theſe verſes to peruſe
Which my blacke mournfull muſe preſenteth here,
Bluſhing at her firſt entrance in for feare,
Where of her ſelfe, her ſelfe ſhe doth accuſe.
And ſeeking Patronage, bold meanes doth vſe
To ſhew that dewtie, which in hart I beare
To your thriſe noble houſe: which ſhall out weare
Deuouring time it ſelfe, if my poore muſe
Deuine aright, whoſe vertuous excellence
She craues her ruder ſtile to patroniſe.
Voutch-ſafe then (noble Lord) to giue defence:
Who (when her brighter glorie ſhall ariſe)
Shall flye to fetche fame from her fort of braſſe,
VVhich with your vertues through the world ſhall paſſe.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE MOST renowned and valiant, Robert Earle of Eſſex, and Ewe, &c.

Voutchſafe (thriſe valiant Lord) this verſe to reade,
When time from cares of more importe permittes,
The too deare charge of mine vncharged wittes:
And that I do my lighter muſes leade
To kiſſe your ſacred handes, I myldely pleade
For pardon, where all gracious vertue ſittes.
Since time of yoare there Lordes firſt fruite admittes

My bashfull muse (which lost her mayden-head
In too deare trauell of my restlesse loue)
To you my Lord her first borne babe presentes,
Vnworthie such a patrone for her lightnesse:
Yet deigne her zeale, though not the light contentes,
Till from your vertues registred aboue,
To make her loue more knowne, she borrow brightnesse.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VERtuous Lord, Henry Earle of Southampton.

Receaue (sweet Lord) with thy thrise-sacred hande
Which sacred muses make their instrument,
These worthlesse leaues, which I to thee present
Sprong from a rude and vnmanured lande:
That with your countenance grac'de, they may withstande
Hundred ey'de enuies rough encounterment,
Whose patronage can giue encouragement
To scorne back-wounding Zoilus his bande.
Voutch-safe (right vertuous Lord) with gracious eyes
Those heauenly lampes, which giue the muses light,
Which giue, and take in course (that holy fier)
To vewe my muse with your iudiciall sight,
Whom when time shall haue taught by flight to rise,
Shall to thy vertues of much worth aspyer.

TO THE MOST VERTVOVS LEARned and bewtifull Lady Marie Countesse of Penbrooke.

Pride of our English Ladies, neuer match'te,
Great fauourer of Phoebus of-spring,

In whom euen Phoebus is moſt floriſhing,
Muſes cheeſe comfort, of the muſes hatch'te:
On whom Vrania hath ſo long time watch'te,
In fames rich forte with crowne triumphing,
Of laurell euer-greene in luſtie ſpring,
After thy mortall pilgrimage diſpatch'te.
Vnto thoſe Planettes where thou ſhal't haue place
With thy late ſainted brother to giue light:
And with harmonious Sphœres to turne in race.
Voutch-ſafe ſweet Lady with a forhead bright
To ſhine on this poore muſe, whoſe firſt borne fruite
That you of right would take, ſhe maketh ſuite.

TO THE RIGHT VERTVOVS AND moſt bewtifull Lady the Lady Straunge.

Sweet Lady might my humble muſe preſume
Thy bewties rare perfection to ſet out,
(Whom ſhe pride of our Engliſh court reputes)
Ambitious ſhe would aſſume
To blazon, euery where about
Thy bewtie, whoſe dumbe eloquence diſputes
With fayre loues Queene, and her by right confutes.
But ſince there is no doubt
But that thy bewties prayſe, which ſhall conſume
Euen time it ſelfe exceedeth
All Brittiſh Ladyes, deigne my muſes ſuites
Which vnacquainted of your bewtie craues
Acquaintance, and proceedeth
T'aproche ſo boldly, and behaues

Her ſelfe ſo rudely, daunted at your light
As eyes in darkeneſſe, at a ſuddeine light.

TO THE BEAVTIFVLL LADY THE Lady Brigett Manners.

Roſe of that garlande, (fayreſt, and ſweeteſt
Of all thoſe ſweet and faire flowers:
Pride of chaſt Cynthias rich crowne,)
Receaue this verſe, thy matchleſſe bewtie meeteſt:
Behold thy graces which thou greeteſt,
And all the ſecret powers
Of thine and ſuch like bewties, here ſet downe,
Here ſhalt thou finde thy frowne,
Here thy ſunnie ſmiling,
Fames plumes ſtye with thy loues which ſhould be fleeteſt,
Here my loues tempeſties, and ſhowers.
Theſe read (ſweet bewtie) whom my muſe ſhall crowne,
Who for thee ſuch a garland is compyling
(Of ſo devine ſentes, and colours)
As is immortall, time beguiling.

Your bewties moſt affectionate ſeruant.
BARNABE BARNES.

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Faultes escaped in Printing.

Sonn. 11. for comon come on. Mad. 2. for wake thee, make thee. Idem, for make thee wake thee. Mad. 3 for chirping, cheeping. Idem, for culles, calles. Mad. 4. for places, place. Son. 15. 8 line for sencelesse, fenceless. Son. 16, for rageth, ragen. Idem, for searcheth, searseth. Son. 17. for brimmes, trimmes. Son. 20. line 14 for hon. Son. 23. for past eleuē, next eleuen. Son. 24. for knattes, gnattes. Son. 28 line. 5. for atin'd, and Sonnet 44. for mountaines cleanes, mountaines hyllye cleanes. Son. 48 for Affricke, Affricke. Son. 51. line. 10. for sould, should. Son. 52 praze, & raze, praise raise. Mad. 9. for vertuous, vertues. Son. 47. for woundedman, the wounded man. Son. 55. for yea, yet. Son. 56. line. 13. for any, my. Son. 72. for marched, matched. Son. 89. for soule, fowle. Son. 87. breast & beare, leg. semel. Son. 98. for none aspier, none dare aspier. Mad. 17. for vmpour, vapour. Mad. 18. for prickelesse arose, prickles arose. Eleg. 12. lillyes adorne, for lillyes shall adorne. Elegie. 2. Lancadean, for Leucadean. Eleg. 12. for chirriner, coortiner. Eleg. 6. for with, which. Eleg. 7. for will, well. Idem, line. 26. for with, which. Canz. 1. line. 19. for thoe, thee. Idem, for whatsoeuer, whatsoeare. Sest. 2. for all glories, all her glories. Ode. 8. for they which flowres, they with flowers. Ode. 7. for date my might, dar de my might. Ode. 8. for which lay, with lay. Ode. 10. for please the, pleaseth. Ode. 11. for her sette, her to sette. Canz. 3. for shere sweet, there sweet. Ode. 16, 8 imperiall, for th'imperiall. Idem, if it be nye, for if it be nye. Sest. 4. for Aya the, Ay then. Ode. 16. for Ox like the, Ox like the. Ode. 19. for twaste all asalt, make assault. Sest. 3. for dishoosted & bare, dishevelled and bare. Idem, for tree true louers, three true louers. Idem, line 5. for fustes, furies. Idem, for still, shill.

Amerca

Europe, Affricke Amerca